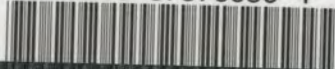


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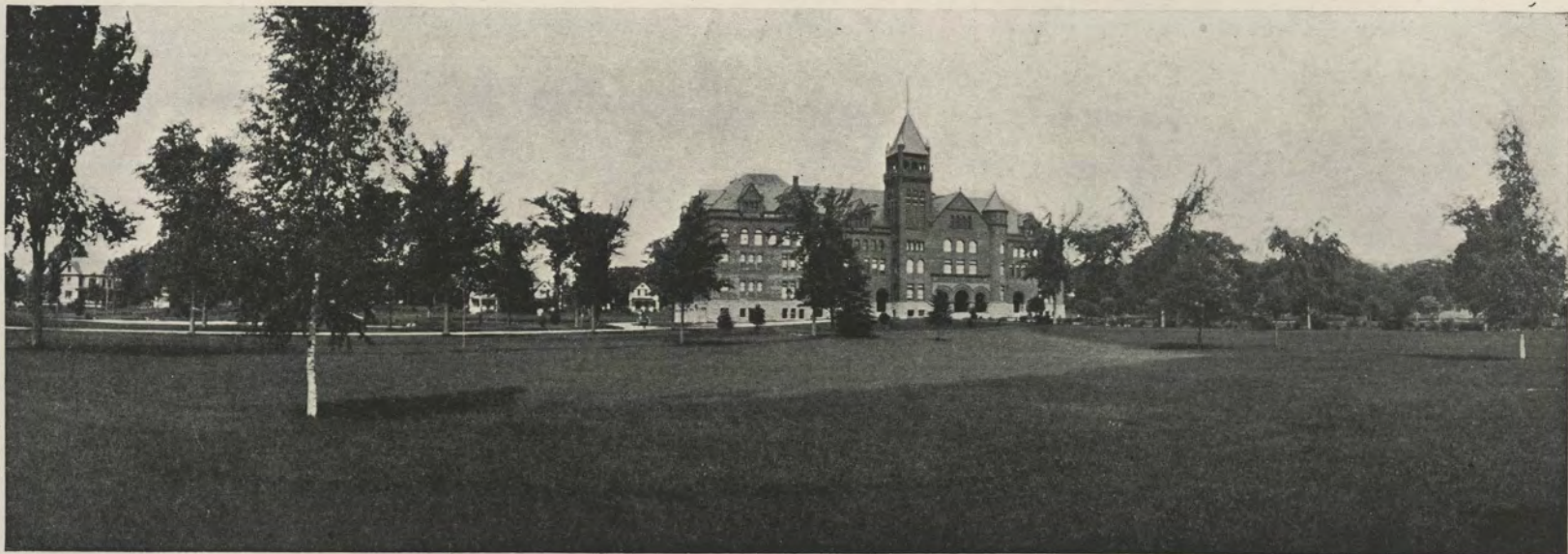
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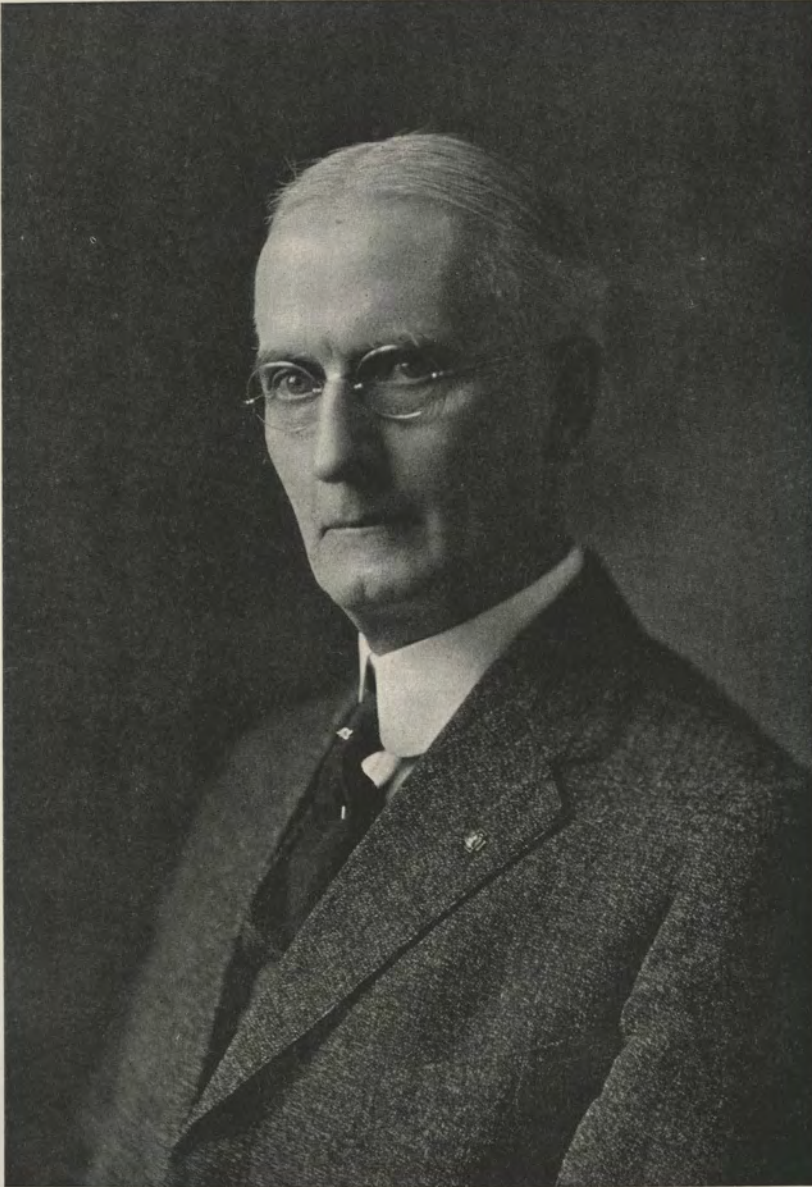


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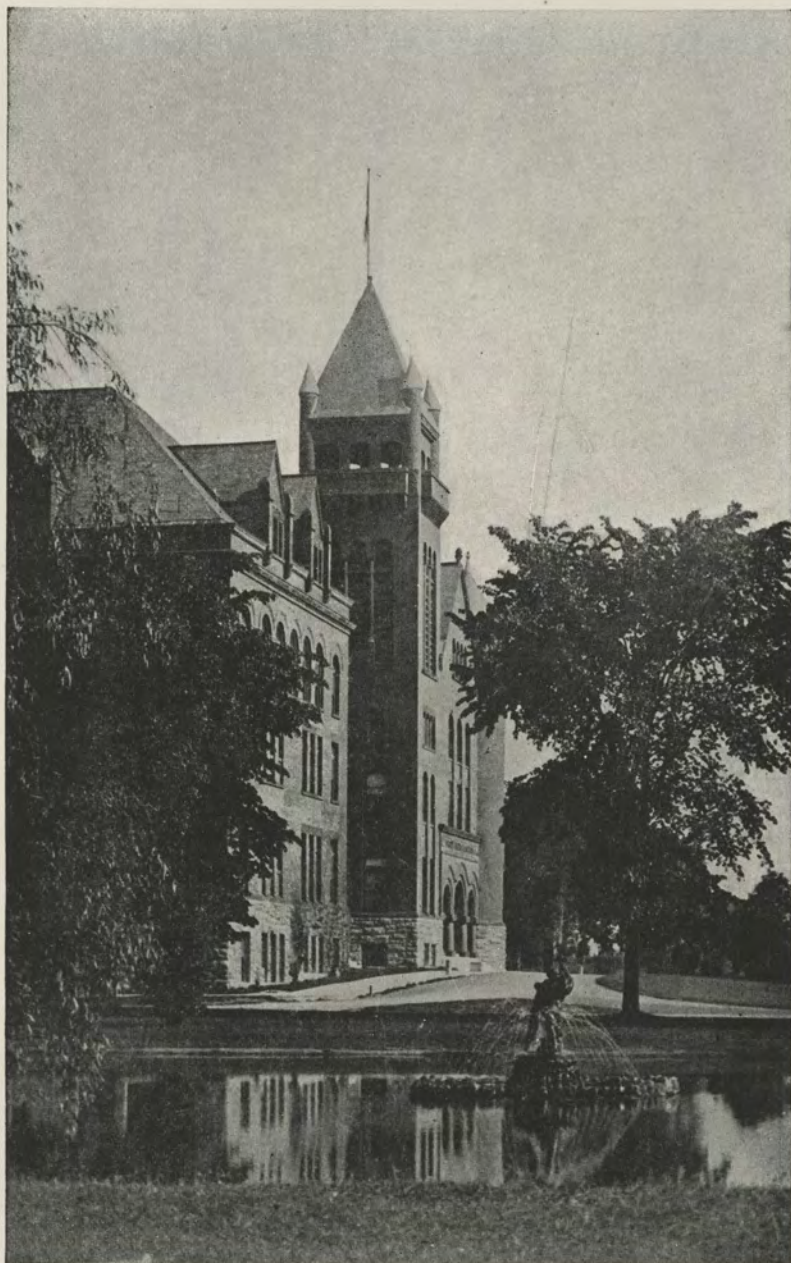
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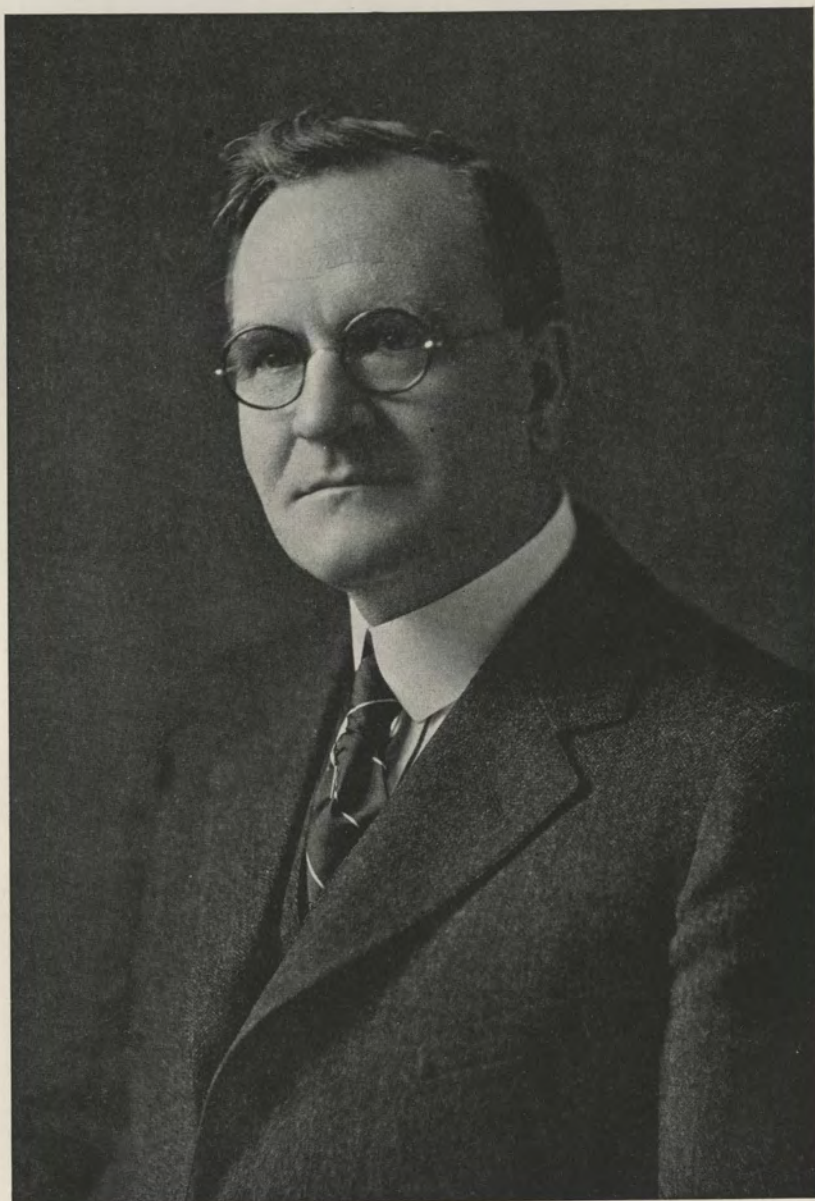
GEORGE K. HAWKINS, *Principal*



"MORNING SUNLIGHT"

Dedicated to
SAMUEL TODD

In appreciation of his faith in us and of the earnestness and devotion which are characteristic of his daily work, we dedicate this book to Professor Samuel Todd, who has the love and respect of the entire student body.



PROFESSOR SAMUEL TODD

Samuel Todd

Professor Samuel Todd, Head of the Department of Shorthand and Typewriting in the Plattsburgh State Normal School, was born at Dry Brook, Ulster Co., N. Y. After completing the regular course in the public schools of his native place, he took the examination for teachers and secured a license to teach, valid for ten years, and renewable without further examination.

After some years of teaching in the rural schools, he became principal of the school at Union Grove, N. Y., where he remained two years, giving up that position to become principal of the school at Arkville, N. Y.

Resigning the principalship at Arkville, he took the regular course of study and was graduated at the Eastman Business College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. He has also taken courses at the Rochester Business Institute, Spencer's Business College, Kingston, N. Y., and New York University, specializing in shorthand and typewriting.

After completing his studies at the Eastman Business College, he was employed for a short time as stenographer in the New York office of the Walter A. Wood Harvester Co., leaving this position to become Head of the Commercial Department in the Lyons High School and Supervisor of Writing in the public schools of Lyons, N. Y. After serving four and a half years in that position, he accepted a similar position in Johnstown, N. Y., and was called from there to a place on the faculty of this institution.

Foreword

It is with a feeling of humility that we place this book in the hands of our friends.

If herein they find a small degree of pleasure, or a slight surcease from the monotony of life, then our work has not been in vain and we rest from our labors with the conviction that we have done well.

May this CARDINAL be ever a constant reminder of pleasant memories.

THE BOARD OF EDITORS.



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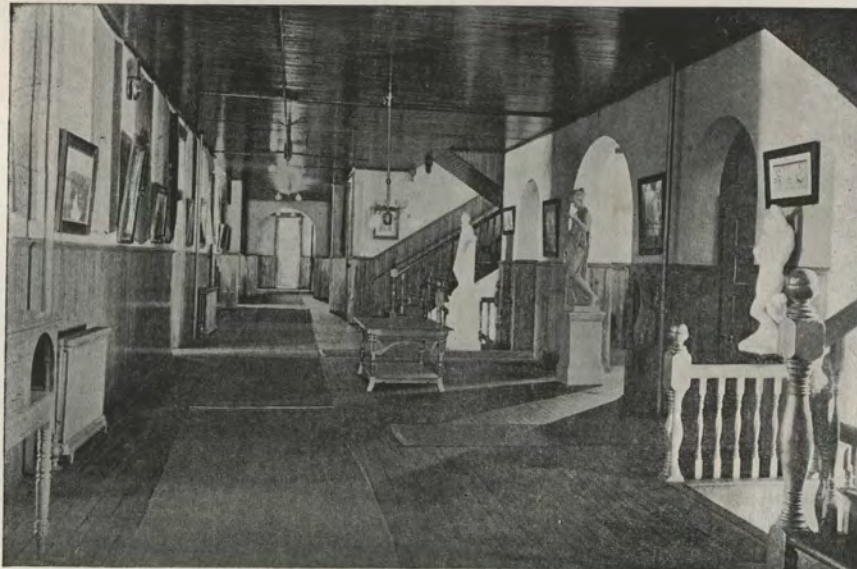
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Principal's Secretary.

Plattsburgh State Normal High School; State Normal School, Vassar College, A. B.



Memory

Let fate do her worst ; there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy ;
And which come in the night-time of sorrow and care
To bring back the features that joy used to wear.

Long, long be my heart with such memories filled
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled ;
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.



Senior Class Officers

THOMAS W. McQUILLAN	President
FRANK TABOR	Vice-President
ARTHUR J. LYONS	Secretary
MARGARET F. MERRITT	Treasurer

Class Flower

YELLOW ROSE

Class Colors

PURPLE AND GOLD

Class Motto

WE'LL FIND A WAY OR
WE'LL MAKE ONE.

Class Yell

Altogether—everyone—1—9—2—1
Who said twenty-one
We said twenty-one
Seniors—Seniors—Seniors
Seventy—Seventy
Seventy—What
Seniors—Seniors—Seniors

1921—Honor Roll—1921

Course for Commercial Teachers

JAMES EDWARD STRATTON, *Valedictorian*

HAZEL JESSICA AYRES

ADA CARPENTER CAREY

RUTH IRENE KNISKERN

ANNA J. LOCKWOOD

Course for Elementary Teachers

DOROTHY MAUDE PARKER, *Salutatorian*

SADIE AMELIA BUCK

HELEN ISABEL EMPEROR

DOROTHY MARTIN

LAURA NATHAN

Senior Class Poem

Old Time is fast flying ; He's brought us at last
To the bend in the road. Farewell, happy Past.
The Future, we're greeting with gladness.

We know not today what that Future may be,
But with joy in our hearts, courageous and free,
We'll waste not a moment in sadness.

Many lessons we've learned, and we'll never forget
What we owe to our teachers, who look with regret
On the passing of Class 'Twenty-one.

To our dear Alma Mater, we sing a glad song ;
We know that she'll guide us and help us along,
Till we bring her the laurels we've won.

FLORENCE E. FIELDING.



"Abie"

RUTH M. ABRAHAMSON, Jamestown, N. Y.

"A life that moves to gracious ends,
Through troops of unrecording friends."

Jamestown High School.

*Delta Clionian, Assistant Editor-in-Chief of
Cardinal, Vice-President of Normal Club,
Clionian Grand Vice-President.*



"Kate"

KATHERINE A. BAXTER, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"'Tis well in every case you know
To have two strings unto your bow."

Plattsburgh High School.

Delta Clionian, President of Normal Club.



"Sadie"

SADIE BUCK, Dannemora, N. Y.

"Ambition is no cure for love."

Plattsburgh High School.
Franklin Academy Training Class.

Delta Clionian.



"Gen"

GENEVIEVE M. CAREY, Upper Jay, N. Y.

"Silence is a great peacemaker."

Ausable Forks High School.

AKΦ

"Ada"

ADA CAREY, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"It is what we think and what we do
that makes us what we are."

Plattsburgh State Normal High School.
Plattsburgh State Normal School.

Delta Clionian.



"Cap"

HAZEL F. CAPLIN, Tupper Lake, N. Y.

"She was airy, young and gay,
And loved to make a grand display
While I the charges would defray."

Tupper Lake High School.

Delta Clionian.



"Vede"

VEDA CASSIDY, Hinesburg, Vt.

"Whose quiet mind from vain desires is
free."

Hinesburg High School.
Richmond Training Class.

Delta Clionian.



"Case"

FRANCES M. CASEY, Altona, N. Y.

"Bind up those tresses; O, what haste I note
In the wild disorder of those her hairs."

Mooers High School.

AKΦ





"Clarkie"

RUTH I. CLARK, East Rochester, N. Y.

"A town who boasts inhabitants like me
Can have no lack of good society."

East Rochester High School.

Delta Clionian.



"Jane"

JANE H. COLLINS, Glens Falls, N. Y.

"And when you dance, I wish you
A wave of the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that."

St. Mary's Academy.

AKΦ



"Hick"

HESTER I. COLEMAN, Little Britian, N. Y.

"A cold reserve enfolds her like a cloud."

Newburgh Academy.

Delta Clionian.



"Ad"

ADELAIDE CONKEL, Rochester, N. Y.

"The world belongs to the energetic."

Rochester West High School.

Delta Clionian, Clionian History.

"Helen"

HELEN M. COWLES, Greene, N. Y.

"She finishes what she attempts."

Greene High School.
Greene Training Class.

Delta Clionian.



"Leah"

LEAH A. CROSSMAN, Dolgeville, N. Y.

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."

Dolgeville High School.

Delta Clionian.



"Cuddy"

GRACE H. CUDDEBACK, Geneva, N. Y.

"Pleasure admitted in undue degree
Enslaves the will, nor leaves the judgment
free."

Lyons High School.

AKΦ



"Gert"

GERTRUDE DARRAH, Cadyville, N. Y.

"'Tis said that idle weeds are large in
growth."

Plattsburgh High School.

AKΦ





"Leona"

LEONA T. DOIG,

Walton, N. Y.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets."

Walton High School.

Delta Clionian.



"Doug"

J. LEONARD DOUGLAS,

Unadilla, N. Y.

"My life is but one damned eternal grind."

Plattsburgh State Normal High School.
Ravenna Training Class.

Class Will.



"Big Dube"

MARILDA DUBY,

Dannemora, N. Y.

"But still her tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, with greater ease."

Mooers High School.

AKΦ



"Little Dube"

VALEDA I. DUBY,

Dannemora, N. Y.

"A loyal spirit fills that little frame."

Mooers High School.

AKΦ

"Helen"

HELEN I. EMPEROR, Danæmora, N. Y.

"Her air is so modest
Her aspect so meek
So simple and sweet are her charms."

Saranac Lake High School.

AKΦ



"Florence"

FLORENCE E. FIELDING, Glens Falls, N. Y.

"Night after night from dusty tomes,
She scans the knowledge of the sages."

Glens Falls Academy.
Glens Falls Training Class.

Delta Clionian, Class Poem.



"Revel"

REVEL M. GARDINIER, Hale Eddy, N. Y.

"Tell me a thing she cannot dress—
Soups, hashes, puddings, pickles, pies,
Naught comes amiss, she is so wise."

Deposit High School.

Delta Clionian.



"Raly"

RALY GROSSMAN, New Haven, Conn.

"Wisely and slow;
They stumble that run fast."

Plattsburgh High School.

Delta Clionian.





"Kath"

KATHALEEN E. HANLEY, Poultney, Vt.

"By her giggle shall ye know her."

Troy Conference Academy.

AKΦ

"Julia"

JULIA H. HURLEY, Glens Falls, N. Y.

"Her words are bonds,
Her love sincere, her thoughts immaculate."

St. Mary's Academy.

Delta Clionian, Alumni Editor of Cardinal.

"Doris"

DORIS JENKINS, Glens Falls, N. Y.

"Oh, there is something in that voice
that reaches
The innermost recesses of my spirit."

Glens Falls High School.
Glens Falls Training Class,

AKΦ, *Class Oration.*

"Kathryn"

KATHRYN E. JOHNSON, Middlebury, Vt.

"A smile for all
A welcome glad,
A jovial, coaxing way she had."

Middlebury High School.

Delta Clionian.

"Agnes"

AGNES S. KEENAN,

Peru, N. Y.

"Gentle in manner but resolute in deed."

Peru High School.

AKΦ



"Ted"

THERESA R. KELLY,

Ticonderoga, N. Y.

"I built my soul a lovely pleasure house,
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell."

Champlain Academy.

AKΦ

"Hortense"

HORTENSE KINSMAN,

Harrisville, N. Y.

"We grant, although she had much wit,
She was very shy of using it."

Harrisville High School.
Harrisville Training Class.

"Cistern"

RUTH I. KNISKERN,

Deposit, N. Y.

"I don't think so much learning becomes
a young woman."

Deposit High School.
Oneonta Normal School.



"Marg"

MARGARET L. LALLIER, Harrower, N. Y.

"I care for nobody, no not I,
If no one cares for me."

Amsterdam High School.

Delta Clionian.

"Dot"

DOROTHY M. LEWIS, Newburgh, N. Y.

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"

Newburgh Academy.

Delta Clionian.

"Ann"

ANNA LOCKWOOD, Rochester, N. Y.

"Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue."

Rochester West High School.

Delta Clionian.

"Bern"

BERNICE E. LUTHER, Harrisville, N. Y.

"With brazen tongue she urged each passerby
To stop and listen to her stenciled cry:
My hair is red."

Harrisville High School.
Harrisville Training Class.

AKΦ, *Secretary of the Normal Club.*

"Art"

ARTHUR J. LYONS, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"His talents are great, his disposition
easy, generous and liberal."

Plattsburgh High School.

*Literary Editor of Cardinal, Secretary of the
Senior Class, Class Song.*



"Bern"

BERNADETTE McCASLAND, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind."

Plattsburgh High School.

Delta Clionian.



"Buz"

BERTHA McCoy, Brownville, N. Y.

"Begone, dull care, I prithee
Begone from me."

Brownville High School.

Delta Clionian.



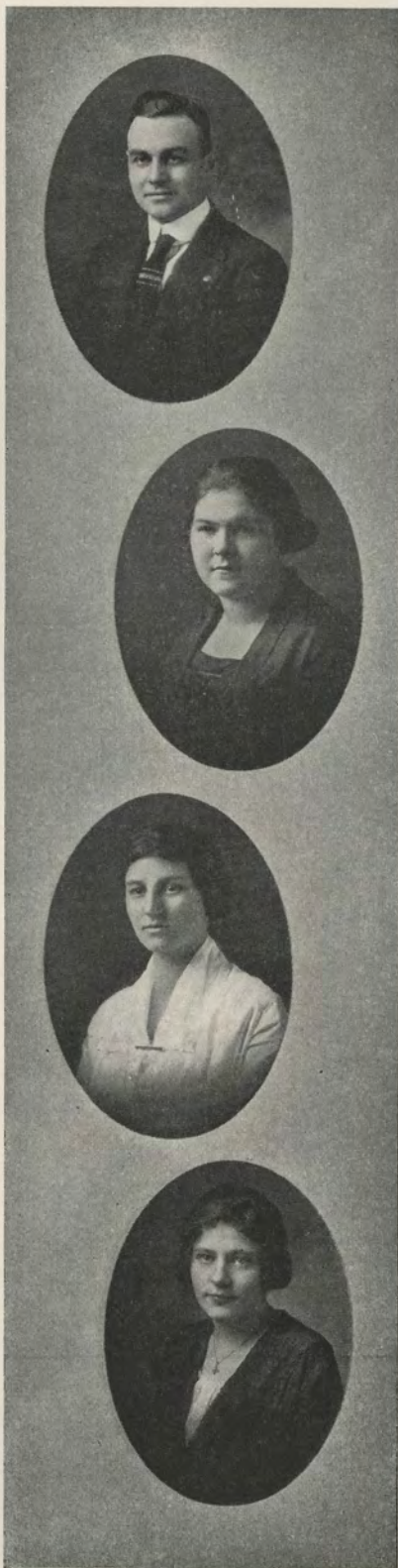
"Susie"

SUSIE McMAHON, Westport, N. Y.

"All may have,
If they dare try, a glorious life, or grave."

Westport High School.
Westport Training Class.





"Pat"

THOMAS WALSH MCQUILLAN, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"For thy sake, dear Tobacco, I would
do anything but die."

Plattsburgh High School.

*President of the Senior Class, Editor-in-Chief
of Cardinal.*

"Dot"

DOROTHY E. MARTIN, Witherbee, N. Y.

"Good nature is stronger than tomahawks."

Mineville High School.

AKΦ, *Class History.*

"Marg"

MARGUERITE A. MARTIN, Lake Placid, N. Y.

"Industry is the soul of business and the
keystone of prosperity."

Lake Placid High School.

AKΦ

"Jo"

JOHANNA MENZEL, McClure, N. Y.

"For she is just the quiet kind
Whose nature never varies."

Deposit High School.

"Mag"

MARGARET F. MERRITT, Clinton, N. Y.

"The first great work (a task performed
by few)
Is that yourself may to yourself be true."

Utica Free Academy.

AKΦ, *Treasurer of Senior Class*, AKΦ *Grand
President. Second Assistant Business Man-
ager of the Cardinal.*



"Eth"

ETHEL MERRIHEW, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"She is pretty to walk with
And witty to talk with
And pleasant too, to think on."

Plattsburgh High School.

Delta Clionian.

"Laura"

LAURA NATHAN, Lake Placid, N. Y.

"Ambition has no rest."

Gardner High School.

Delta Clionian.

"Jimmie"

JAMES P. O'CONNELL, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"I am but a gatherer and a disposer of
other men's stuff."

Plattsburgh High School.



"Pap"

ESTHER G. PAPINEAU, Dannemora, N. Y.

"Life is too short to miss a single joy."

Morrisville High School.

AKΦ



"Dorothy"

DOROTHY M. PARKER, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"Loathing pretence, she did with cheerful
will
What others talked of, while their hands
were still."

Plattsburgh High School.

AKΦ, *Agonian History*.



"Mary"

MARY E. POWERS, Clintonville, N. Y.

"Laugh and be fat, sir, your penance is
known."

Our Lady of Victory Academy.

AKΦ, *Class Presentation*.



"Jennie"

JANE W. PRIME, Elizabethtown, N. Y.

"Idling, bustling everywhere,
Never any time to spare."

Elizabethtown High School.

Delta Clionian.

"Winston"

EDWIN C. ROBERT, JR., Atlantic City, N. J.

"I to myself am dearer than a friend."

Atlantic City High School.



"Alice"

ALICE M. ROVELLE, Chateaugay, N. Y.

"I have a heart with room for every joy."

Chateaugay High School.
Chateaugay Training Class.

AKΦ



"Gen"

GENEVIEVE RYAN, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"Wit is the salt of conversation, not the food."

Plattsburgh High School.

Delta Clionian, Class Prophecy.



"Kath"

KATHRYN A. RYAN, Westport, N. Y.

"Onward, onward may we press
Through the path of duty."

Westport High School.
Westport Training Class.





"Cass"

CASSIE M. SAUSVILLE, Peasleeville, N. Y.

"We may live without friends; we may live
without books;
But civilized man cannot live without
cooks."

Plattsburgh High School.

Delta Clionian.



"Scottie"

HAZEL A. SCOTT, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"On with the dance! let joy be unconfin'd;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleas-
ure meet."

Plattsburgh High School.

AKΦ, *Joke Editor of the Cardinal, Agonian
Grand Historian.*



"Smithy"

HELENA M. SMITH, Florence, N. Y.

"Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes;
And when in act they cease, in prospect
rise."

Camden High School.

AKΦ, *Assistant Joke Editor of the Cardinal.*



"Strat"

J. EDWARD STRATTON, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"Oh this learning, what a thing it is."

Plattsburgh Normal High School.

"Annie"

ANNIE M. SULLIVAN, Waterbury, Vt.

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low; an excellent thing in
woman."

Waterbury High School.



"Dot"

DOROTHY TJEERDSMA, Ilion, N. Y.

"In she came, one vast, substantial smile."

Ilion High School.

AKΦ



"Betty"

ELIZABETH L. TRUDEAU, Tupper Lake, N. Y.

"Faithful, earnest, eager to do her best."

Tupper Lake High School.

AKΦ, *Ivy Oration.*



"Mary"

MARY P. WARNER, Middlebury, Vt.

"Then she will talk—good gods, how she
will talk."

Middlebury High School.

Delta Clionian.





"Hazel"

HAZEL J. AYRES, Morrisonville, N. Y.

"She works while others plan to work."

Morrisonville High School.
Plattsburgh State Normal School.

Delta Clionian.

"Mil"

MILDRED C. FOLEY, Thendara, N. Y.

"So unaffected, so composed a mind;
So firm, so soft; so strong, yet so refin'd."

Old Forge High School.

*Delta Clionian, Assistant Literary Editor of
the Cardinal.*

"Bob"

FLORENCE M. LEFAIVRE, Clayton, N. Y.

"True to her work, her words, and her
friends."

Clayton High School.

Delta Clionian.

"Em"

EMMA VAUGHN, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"There she sat the livelong day,
With patient expectation."

Morrisonville High School.

"Al"

ALBERT J. DESJARDINS, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me."

St. Peter's Academy.

*Assistant Business Manager of Cardinal, Charge
to Juniors.*

"Tab"

FRANK P. TABOR, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"You know I say just what I think,
And nothing more nor less."

Montpelier High School.

*Vice-President of Senior Class, Business Man-
ager of Cardinal.*



Class History

1919.

Sept. 8,

Great preparations being made for Normalites.

Sept. 9,

Many new students entered town to begin their Normal Course.

Sept. 10,

The Plattsburgh State Normal School opened its doors to the "Innocent Juniors," so-called by the Seniors, but the name was soon changed to "Intelligent Juniors."

Oct. 22,

The first Class Meeting. This class believed in popular things, shown by their choosing of the well-known colors, Purple and Gold.

Oct. 23,

Every Junior, and members of Faculty wore the class colors, Purple and Gold.

Dec. 16,

A Banquet given in honor of Dr. Hawkins, celebrating his Birthday.

Feb. 12, 1920.

Juniors sang their class song for first time.

1920.

Sept. 8,

School opened and many Juniors entered. What was expected of them will never be known for they did not live up to the Seniors' expectations.

Sept. 9,

Classes in full swing with no interruption, save when a Junior entered the wrong class room.

Sept. 10,

The first Senior Class Meeting. Much business was transacted, as the electing of officers, manner of raising class dues, etc.

Oct. 22,

The "Juniors" entertained the "Seniors" in the Normal Gym. The decorations were very pretty, and delightful refreshments were served.

Oct. 23,

Seven years ago today the Commercial Course was increased to two system of Shorthand. What a pity!

Dec. 16,

A Joint Dance by Seniors and Juniors. Music furnished by Lynch-Bourdeau five-piece orchestra.

Jan. 21, 1921.

Mid-Year Dance. The dance was well attended even by the Faculty.

Feb. 12,

The day was celebrated by Miss Parker reading an essay on "Lincoln."

1920.

March 17,

Dr. Kitchell's Birthday remembered
by a shower of cards.

June 11,

Junior "Prom". This dance will be
long remembered by all who attended.

June 18,

The worthy class of '20 left P. S.
N. S. to start out on their careers.

1921.

March 17,

St. Patrick well represented by the
"Wearin' o' the Green."

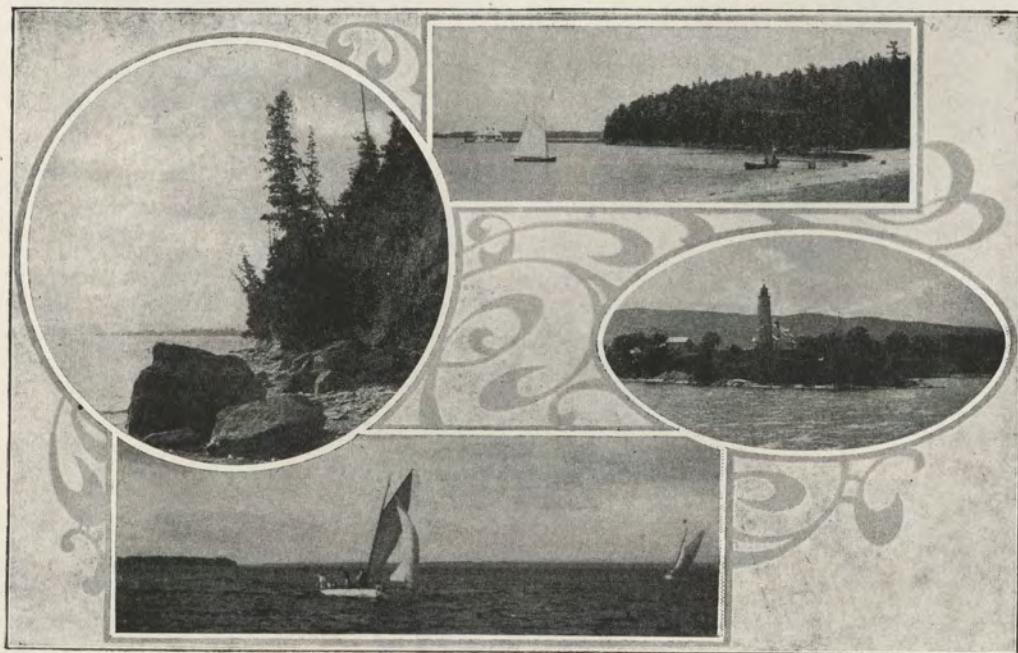
June 10,

Junior "Prom." Nothing more
need be said.

June 17,

We are looking forward to this date
with both pleasure and sorrow, pleas-
ure because of our course being ended,
and sorrow because our ways are to
be parted.

DOROTHY MARTIN.



Class Prophecy

PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.,

JUNE 16, 1931,

Dear Genevieve:

I received your letter some time ago saying that you would like to have me write and tell you the news about all our old school friends. Of course the old place has changed a good deal in the last ten years since you left here but I will try to recall the old crowd, and tell you what has happened to them.

Of course you remember Hazel Ayres. Well, the last I heard from Hazel she was using her influence at the Educational Department in Albany to get the state to put in another course in the Normal School so she could stay a while longer.

Perhaps you've read in the paper about Ruth Abrahamson setting up a matrimonial bureau. "Abie" says she charges twice as much to get a man for a school teacher, because they're just twice as hard to get.

Katie Baxter is running around from one school to another trying to make up her mind what to do. When one has so many heavy dates, it is hard to accomplish anything.

I heard from Hazel Caplan not long ago and it seems that she is holding down a pretty good position, notwithstanding the fact that she has lost a number of them because she insisted on having the last word with the Principal.

You may be surprised to hear that Genevieve Carey has organized a large class in elocution. None of us can deny that Genevieve was a good talker because we never heard her.

Veda Cassidy and Helen Cowles have proved a credit to the school, even though they did get tired of teaching, for they have formed a society for the "Propagation of the Gospel" among school teachers.

Of course I don't wish to say anything against Ruth Clark but I never thought she would be satisfied to settle down on a farm but then, I suppose it has a charm all its own.

It seems Hester Coleman wasn't satisfied with the education she obtained at Normal since she is now taking a course in Natural History specializing in birds—swallows, sparrows, etc.

I really feel bad for Jane Collins because she certainly was a good kid. But you've probably heard that she has been granted a divorce from Johnny Fitz on a charge of cruelty and is now running a beauty parlor. Never mind, Jane will receive her reward in heaven.

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Adelaide Conkel is now Assistant Head of the Commercial Department. I always predicted a great future for Adelaide but she has gone beyond my highest expectations.

Revel Gardenier and Leona Doig have remained faithful to the teaching profession and are, of course, teaching in the same school.

You would never recognize Florence Fielding if you could see her now. Her hard teaching schedule and her conscientious studying were too much for her frail constitution. Now she is selling Ford cars to keep the temperature of her pocketbook from sinking to zero.

"Al" DesJardins has almost reached Mr. Correll's height (mentally not physically) and is on the faculty up here at Normal.

Be prepared for the worst but it is true, so hold your breath. "Doug" and Robart have formed a partnership and are traveling through the country giving lectures on "How to Bring Up Your Children." I'm sure the team work is good. They were always such friends.

I was up in Cadyville the other day and who should I run into but little Gertrude Darrah. She tells me that she has a hair dressing shop on the main street. Gert always believed in wearing one's hair in the most extreme style.

From all reports Valeda Duby finds Tupper Lake more attractive than Dannemora since she recently accepted a position as Gossip Editor on the staff of the *Tupper Lake Herald*.

It seems strange the course some will take in following out their inclinations. For instance, Helen Emperor is running a Zoo and is specializing in "Lyons."

Marilda Duby has gone in strong for prison reform and takes great interest in aiding good looking young men to obtain pardons. I wonder if she has succeeded in getting young Clarke pardoned yet.

Mildred Foley and Julia Hurley have purchased Mrs. Poland's place and are advertising for boarders, "young men preferred."

Raly Grossman decided to teach Gymnastics rather than commercial subjects and they say she prescribes long walks for all physical and mental ailments. Raly always was great on hiking.

If you go to New York this year don't fail to go to the Hippodrome and see our Katie Johnson who gives exhibitions of fancy ice skating. If you can't locate Katie ask for her manager, Miss Kelley. That must be why Theresa did so much heavy looking on at the rink last winter, trying to get the hang of things, I guess.

Kathleen Hanley, Jane Prime and Margaret Merritt are keeping bachelor quarters in town. They expect to do something some time but they intend to enjoy themselves for a while, same old attitude, all right.

Agnes Keenan is running a taxi service from Plattsburgh to Peru once in the morning and once at night except when there is a dance in the Town Hall at Peru, then the taxi service is suspended.

I suppose it will be no surprise to you to hear that Margaret Lallier is Assistant History of Ed. teacher at P. S. N. S. There's no doubt but that Margaret is capable of filling the position.

"Bob" LeFaivre is now a partner having a half interest in the company of "Bob & Bob, Inc." I had my doubts about this affair after Bob went to Vermont at Easter but all's well that ends well.

I am sending you with this letter our best Plattsburgh paper and whom do you suppose is Editor-in-Chief of it? No less a person than "Art" Lyons. "Art" always was great on picking up news.

Dorothy Martin has been promoted to Preceptress of the school at Moriah. I guess Dorothy must have a good reason for sticking close to Chateaugay.

Marguerite Martin has been teaching for the last few years in a school for the Deaf and Dumb. Marguerite never could see any reason why people wanted to talk so much.

Bernadette McCasland is now head of a Teachers' Agency getting jobs for Commercialites, who failed to take her advice and grab the first one they could get.

"Dot" Lewis took a medical course at college and is now a stomach specialist of some fame. That always was "Dot's" specialty.

The faculty of the Normal School have found it to their advantage to create a new position on the staff. Anna Lockwood has been installed as head of The General Information Bureau. No matter what the difficulty may be Anna will straighten anyone out.

Perhaps you recall hearing "Buzz" McCoy say that she had always wanted to be a teacher. Well, she's given it up and is stenographer in the office of one of our leading young attorneys, Leo Downs.

I mustn't forget to tell you the good fortune "Pat" McQuillan has fallen into. He is now head of the State Board of Education pulling down \$10,000 per. I thought he must have had some object in view when he was inquiring about the salary of the head of the Board.

"Jimmie" O'Connell has a pretty good position now teaching Economics. "Jimmie" used to think that "stuff" wasn't much good but he's got over those childish notions.

Francis Casey has become greatly interested in politics and in the last election was made President of Altona village. Since she has taken up the duties of her new office a "movie" house has been built where all may enjoy pictures of the best quality every night.

"Jo" Menzel sometimes gave me the impression that her mind was miles away and I have heard lately that she is studying Navy rules and regulations to see if she hasn't a chance to join the Navy.

Ethel Merrihew taught two or three years in different towns but I have received authentic reports to the effect that she has accepted a permanent position in Yonkers. We are glad Ethel's fondest hopes have been realized.

Laura Nathan is still teaching school. Her only reason for doing so is because she thinks she can find more trouble and worry there than any place she knows of.

Esther Papineau is running an "Elite" fashion shop for women. Esther always was great on styles and color combinations.

Dorothy Parker is assistant to Mr. Shallies now. "Dot" ought to be pretty well trained for that position since she has had the experience of conducting his classes when he was out of town.

Mary Powers is working in New York nowadays. She is Joke Editor of one of New York's largest newspapers. Mary ought to be right at home in that capacity.

Helene Smith has decided to take up Essay writing as her life work. The training she received in Normal along this line has been a great help to her.

"Betty" Trudeau is teaching a private school in Tupper Lake. "Betty" never did care for a crowd, perhaps, it's a school for one.

Hazel Scott, rather, "Scottie" is now Proprietress of McGaulley's Hotel where one is served any of "Jake's" specialties. I'm sure it's all for the best.

Hortense Kinsman is now devoting all her time to writing a book entitled "How to Acquire Pep to Suit Critics." She should have found out this secret before leaving Normal.

Doris Jenkins has just completed a course in Jui Jitsu so she may properly discipline the big boys in her school. It doesn't seem as though Doris needed that course, from all reports.

"Ed" Stratton has come to the conclusion that hard study will get him nowhere so he has been taking lessons from "Pat" McQuillan on "How to Bluff Through Things" and since then has obtained a position as Principal of Schools in New York City. Well, "Ed" ought to know that life is just one big bluff.

Frank Tabor is one of Plattsburgh's most popular young men. He is now running a dancing academy in opposition to Professor Leonard. Special prices given to all Normal students.

Sadie Buck has been taking a course in interior designing. We hope Sadie may make practical use of her knowledge in the near future.

Bernice Luther is now an agent for some concern selling freckle cream. It hasn't done Bernice any good but that's no sign it won't help other people.

Alice Rovelle has just accepted Miss Garrity's place on the faculty. Alice always did enjoy getting up before the class to render solos.

Cassie Sausville is now assisting the first grade teacher in the capacity of general errand boy. Somebody's got to do it, so why not Cassie?

Ruth Kniskern has been spending her time and money in writing free pamphlets entitled "Putting Economics in Comprehensive Form for Normal Students." It's a good thing she did it because no one else could.

"Dot" Tjeerdsma is now a teacher of æsthetic dancing. I always thought "Dot's" limbs were made loose at the joints for some good purpose.

And last but not least I must tell you what has become of Mary Warner. Mary is now Preceptress of one of the Normal Schools in the State of Vermont where she is striving hard to bring them up to the standard of the New York Normal Schools especially in regard to salaries.

I have endeavored to relate to you the facts regarding our old school friends but if I have forgotten any you must remember that a decade has passed since our sojourn from the halls of P. S. N. S. and forgive me accordingly.

Your willing

JAKY GOSSIP.



"MAIN OFFICE"

Senior Class Song

TUNE: "SWEET GENEVIEVE"

Oh Seniors, in this year, our last,
Let's make it one we'll ne'er forget;
With songs and cheers of our great Class
We'll fill the halls with sad regret.
The Faculty, in our minds we'll place,
As milestones on the road "Success";
All downward steps we will retrace,
And make our motto "Happiness."

CHORUS.

We say goodbye to you dear school,
Our work we know has just begun;
But while we work, can you forget
The Senior Class of 'Twenty-One?

Oh Seniors, when this year is gone,
And on Life's weary path we plod,
Let's greet each breaking of the dawn
With cheerful hearts, a smile, a nod.
As out into the world we go
And bid farewell to friends so dear,
We leave behind us days of youth
And memories that crowd the year.

ARTHUR J. LYONS.

Class Will

We, the Seniors of the Plattsburgh Normal School, Class of 1921, being of sound mind and disposing memory, do hereby make, publish, and declare this our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills, bequests and devises of whatever nature made by us.

First: We present to the class of '22 our gift, which when you gaze upon it should bring to your minds the culture, high ideals and wisdom which have been symbolic of our class.

Second: We bequeath to the members of the class of '22 the high standard of scholarship, in which we as Seniors have surpassed all preceding classes.

Third: We bequeath to you a day of two sessions with periods one hour in length next year. This régime, as you undoubtedly know, was to have taken effect in our Senior year but because of the brilliancy which we displayed in our Junior year, it was clearly seen by the members of the faculty that the extra time would not be needed.

Fourth: We leave you the privilege of remembering all of the interesting essays which have been delivered by Seniors from this rostrum during the past year.

Fifth: We leave you the advice that in order to gain the respect of next year's Juniors you should possess more Pep, Originality, and Quickness in action of which you have been sadly in need during the past year.

Sixth: To the individuals in the Junior Class, we bequeath legacies as follows:

To Miss Lillian DeFoe, a small kingdom where she and her Prince may live forever.

To Miss Helen Miner, a permanent position in Plattsburgh, so that she may keep her present boarding place.

To Miss Gertrude Frazier, a new topic for conversation besides men.

To Miss Hazel Garrant, an opportunity to recite on "Carl the Great" in History of Commerce next year.

To Miss Katherine Graves, our appreciation of her smiles and good nature.

To Miss Elizabeth Jenkins, some of her sister's pep that she may get her penmanship papers in on time next year.

To Miss Helen Lewis, a pair of standard Scales.

To Miss Helen Meade, a gold medal for carrying away the highest honors in Pitman shorthand.

To Miss Mae Owens, a dental appointment at Clinton Prison.

To Miss Marion Sherrard, we leave Tom Tracy's promise to write a letter to Depew every day during the summer.

To Miss Vivian Weaver, an aeroplane to carry her to her home in Morrisonville.

To Miss Goldie McNeeley, a model man since she is not able to find one to suit her.

To Miss Mary McAuliffe, some Paris catalogues so that she may continue to keep up with the fashions.

To Miss Hildegard Smalley, a vine-covered cottage in Vermont State, the Land of her Heart's Desire.

To Miss Eugenia Lynch, some attraction to make her like Normal better next year.

To Miss Katherine Martin, a book on "How to Win an Adopted Lover."

To Miss Hilda Wright, a calendar so that she may count the days until she will see the man from Troy.

To Miss Katherine Lucy, the leading rôle in the play, "Brown's in Town."

To Mr. Francis LaBombard, a life contract to become first violinist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

To Miss Alice Nulty and Miss Katherine Ederer, a memory which will enable them to retain all that they have studied while they have been at Normal as they have learned everything the faculty told them to.

To Miss Lucille Lawrence, an apron to wear over some of the gorgeous gowns which she trails around while waiting on table at the Paeta Club.

To Miss Hortense Rome, a new expression to use in place of "Good Father."

To Miss Isola Newell, an artificial hand to raise in Dr. Kitchell's classes.

To Miss Marguerite Mulvey, a book entitled: "Laugh and Grow Fat."

To Miss Hazel Ashline, a step-ladder upon which to stand so that next year's Juniors may look up to her.

To Mr. Homer Wright, the privilege of talking when the occasion requires.

To Miss Frances Byrnes, an offer to pose as model for Harrison Fisher, the painter of beautiful women.

To Miss Marion Landry, a parlor in which to entertain on Sunday evenings so that she will not have to use the hall seat or the car.

To Miss Frances Slater, a man for Normal dances next year.

To Miss Beatrice Donahue, a position as assistant editor of the new *A. N. Palmer Penmanship Manual*.

To Miss Agatha Pender, a baby grand piano.

To Miss Elizabeth Prouty, a photograph album to hold the pictures which she has in her room.

To Miss Helen Halpin, we leave Mary Warner's ability to talk.

To Miss Katherine Smith, a few pleasant smiles.

To Miss Genevieve Ruby, position as Poet Laureate of the Normal School.

To Mr. Harold Ellis, a short talk with Jane Collins on "How to be Optimistic" so that he may see the bright side of life sometimes.

To Miss Rae Braw, a dozen of Galli Curci's best coloratura records so that she may have an opportunity of hearing her only rival.

To Miss Cora Pierce, the right to ride with Handford when Kenneth is not around.

To Miss Lila Wood, the place in literary circles held by the late Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

To Miss Helen Williams, a supplement to Webster's Unabridged Dictionary as there may be a few words not in her vocabulary.

To Miss Anne Dawson, we leave the reproduction of her laugh. The reproduction will be used instead of electric bells for the passing of classes next year.

To Miss Anna Murtagh, an essay on "The Eloquence of Silence." This essay is to be read during the time which she talks in music methods.

To Miss Bertha Elliot, a scholarship at Ithaca Conservatory and a Baptist Missionary for a husband.

To Miss Alice Chase, a saddle horse that she may spend her leisure hours in her favorite recreation.

To Miss Julia Beede, a local option upon becoming the janitor's daughter-in-law, option being good for one year.

To Miss Isabel Everest, a special invitation to every dance which will be held in Malone next year.

To Miss Eleanor Tubbs, we leave the dignity of Miss Bertha McCoy.

To Miss Bertha Davison, the right to publish a new list of dates for History of Ed.

To Miss Esther Seymour, a megaphone, so that her classmates may hear what she has to say.

To Mr. Michael Brennan, a few more lessons from Mr. McQuillan on how to conduct class meetings for next year.

To Miss Ruth Ringquist, a pass, good for six shows each week at the Clinton Theatre next year.

To Miss Gertrude Trombley, a salt shaker for use at the Morrill Club.

To Miss Ida Coates, a lapse of memory so that she may forget her shorthand assignment.

To Mr. Raymond Frazier, an alarm clock to get him to Dr. Kitchell's classes on time next year.

To Miss Mabel Clodjo and Miss Anne Newman, a chance for the Honor Roll next year.

To Miss Catherine Murphy, a bowl of gold fish with the hopes that they will live in Ausable Forks and do no damage.

To Miss Thelma Reed, a private table at the Morrill Club provided with sufficient food for thirty people.

To Miss Florence Newsome (alias Fluff), we bequeath a Medical student from the University of Pennsylvania.

To Miss Kate Burgevin, a few more hours' conversation with Edward Dodd's mother concerning Ed's favorite dishes, after which we feel sure that she will be prepared to be his cook for life.

To Miss Helen Croll, a large and imposing town house on Broad Street, a Packard car, and a tall, handsome man.

To Miss Ariminda O'dell, special permission of the faculty to continue to vamp Plattsburgh's male sex.

To Miss Mary Sartwell, an opportunity to raise Cain, as she has had her heavenly rest.

To Our Lily Carlin, a small corner in Katherine Baxter's heart. (Not the whole heart, Lily, leave some for "My Own Doug.")

To Miss Mary Wert, a five-room bungalow in Ogdensburg, a small front yard where she may weed her geranium bed, in the door-way, a cat with a bell around its neck, and lastly a tall man coming in at the gate.

To the faculty, the best wishes for your health, pleasure and prosperity from every member of the class of '21.

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the Senior Class of 1921 as our last will and testament in the presence of the following witnesses:

I. New Ell,
Flo. New Some,
A. New Man.

THE CLASS OF 1921,
Per J. LEONARD DOUGLAS.



"UP THE RIVER"

Mementoes of the Class of '21

Self-preservation is the first law of nature. We learned this fact from our observation of various forms of life. As age increase, this self-preservation increases to certain degrees. During our youthful years we of this class have sought to continue the development already begun and encouraged in the lower houses of study.

Instructions and our intellectual labors have advanced every member of our graduating class until now we may safely claim we will be not merely worthy products but a source of admiration for our Alma Mater. It is no more than just that some reward should be given for the noble work accomplished by the Class of '21, and I take great pleasure in presenting to the different members of the class these small gifts.

To Miss Hazel Ayres, this honorable discharge from Normal School.

To Miss Helen Emperor, just a gentle "Lyon."

To Miss Mary Warner, this megaphone to increase the volume of her voice.

To Miss Bernadette McCasland, one pint of Panacea.

To Miss Hortense Kinsman, a "Brush."

To Miss Laura Nathan, this traveling bag to carry her drawing utensils.

To Mr. Arthur Lyons, this package of chewing gum to entertain himself and others.

To Miss Katherine Ryan, a hickory stick to impress her pupils with dignity and studious habits.

To Miss Julia Hurley, ether, to produce sleep.

To Miss Mildred Foley, many things to remind her of "Pat" B.

To Mr. Walsh McQuillan, one ink eraser, two pencils, a package of writing pens, two cigars and a package of chewing gum.

To Miss Genevieve Carey, a one way pass to Penn.

To Miss Florence Fielding, this adding machine to keep her checking account straight.

To Miss Betty Trudeau, this dancing doll, to remind her of "Rol."

To Miss Dorothy Martin, something to restore the flesh she lost while teaching for Miss Ingalls.

To Mr. James O'Connell, this bottle of Nervine.

To Miss Helene Smith, an essay.

To Miss Jane Prime, this pair of shoes to replace those she wore out trying to dodge Dr. Henshaw.

To Miss Gertrude Darrah, this package of Yeast Foam, to make her rise in the world.

To Mr. Frank Tabor, a hall and orchestra so he can dance every night.

To Miss Marguerite Martin, this truck to carry her lesson plans and devices.
 To Miss Ethel Merrihew, a shirt gage.
 To Mr. Albert DesJardins, this song, "Keep on Smiling Till the Whole World Smiles at You."
 To Miss Ruth Abrahamson, a "Love Nest" to call her own.
 To Miss Adelaide Conkel, a teetering board.
 To Miss Ruth Kniskern, something to diminish her height.
 To Miss Cassie Sausville, this contract for an \$1,800 position in Blanktown.
 To Miss Bernice Luther, this bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Dye.
 To Miss Agnes Keenan, a "Liberty" hair net.
 To Miss Marilda Duby, this bottle of "Beef, Iron and Wine" to restore her strength.
 To Miss Sadie Buck, several "Short Stories."
 To Mr. Leonard Douglas a "Pearl" from Agnes.
 To Miss Jane Collins, this sled, so that she may slide through Life as she did through Normal School.
 To Miss Helen Cowles, this book of Sol. Singer Jokes.
 To Miss Bertha McCoy, one ounce of common sense.
 To Miss Hazel Scott, a bread mixer.
 To Miss Dorothy Tjeerdsma, a rope to increase her pull with the faculty.
 To Miss Leona Doig, and Miss Revel Gardinier, natural body braces.
 To Miss Margaret Merritt, a "Nash" car.
 To Miss Dorothy Lewis, this jar of "Stillman's Freckle Cream."
 To Miss Genevieve Ryan, a Ford car so she won't be compelled to ride as "blind baggage."
 To Miss Emma Vaughn, a pair of patent leather "baby doll" pumps.
 To Miss Hester Coleman, a box of stationery with which to continue her correspondence with Douglas.
 To Miss Kathleen Hanley, a permit to spend all her time on the street.
 To Miss Raly Grossman, a box of Jonteel Rouge.
 To Miss Kate Baxter, a diamond ring from "St. Nic."
 To Miss Hazel Caplan, an article on, "Personality."
 To Mrs. Carey, best wishes from the Senior Class.
 To Miss Dorothy Parker, a book, entitled, "How to Improve My Memory."
 To Miss Doris Jenkins, this birch rod with which to discipline her older pupils.
 To Miss Veda Cassidy, and Miss Joe Menzel, this "funny" sheet, that they may have at least one good laugh.
 To Miss Florence LeFaivre, this Victrola, so she may take a rest whenever she wishes.
 To Miss Anna Lockwood, this Palmer Penmanship Manual.
 To Mrs. Leah Crossman, a few more notebooks.

To Miss Kathryn Johnson, a Wireless with which to communicate with Mary Warner.

To Miss Frances Casey, a kind friend to take Dr. Henshaw's place.

To Miss Theresa Kelly, "Poems Every Child Should Know."

To Miss Anna Sullivan, a package of Anti-Fat.

To Mr. Edwin Robart, this engine to use his extra supply of hot air.

To Miss Grace Cuddeback, this check for \$1,000, to defray her expenses while Moose(o) hunting.

To Miss Ruth Clark, this spyglass to watch Alfred G.

To Mr. Edward Stratton, this Teacher's Pension Blank to fill out after he has had forty years of successful experience.

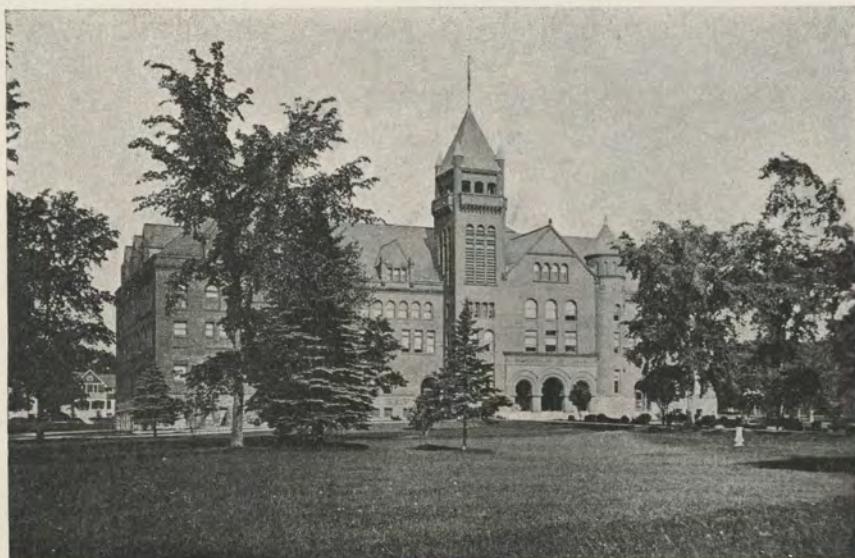
To Miss Alice Rovelle, this Developing outfit.

To Miss Susie McMahon, a recipe on how to make bread like Mother's.

To Miss Margaret Lallier, this History Notebook.

To Miss Valeda Doby, a season ticket to the movies.

MARY E. POWERS.



Charge to the Juniors

To the so-called Class of '22 (We don't know about the '22):

Well, Juniors, this is the last day that you can rely upon the Seniors to show you the right path. Today we must shift your responsibilities, which we have carried all year, to your own shoulders. Poor unsophisticated Juniors! The burden is too heavy for you. We realize how incompetent you are, and perhaps a word of advice will not be amiss.

Are you capable of recalling past events? Then follow me. The very first day of school, we Seniors organized our class, and hoped that you Juniors would profit thereby. Our regular meetings continued, but still your dormant mass of humanity moped about this venerable institution. Weeks passed. Then some of the less sluggish ones, frightened by the continued threats of their upper classmen, rallied this mob, to select a leader. Behold your president—Michael Joseph Brennan. Could you expect to be congratulated upon your choice? Well hardly. Irresponsibility, incapability, inefficiency, are not objects of complimentary remarks.

After admiring our class colors, the royal purple and gold, the idea finally penetrated your dull senses that you should have class colors of your own. Consequently, your herd again stampeded to the assembly hall. Inspired by the effeminate tastes of one of your illustrious (?) officers you chose old rose and gray. How well they symbolized your main characteristics—old rose for weakness and gray for lack of pep. The burden of your first great secret was too heavy for even your president to carry, so he immediately revealed it to me. Old rose and gray! You were ashamed of them yourselves, weren't you, Juniors? So ashamed, in fact, that it took several days to acquire enough courage to rush them. How well we remember that day! Your Junior colors faded into insignificance before our glorious display of purple and gold. Rather than let your symbol disgrace the school, by reposing on its walls we found an appropriate place for it—with the inmate of the box, in the lower corridor.

Weakness and lack of pep are by no means your only faults. Slowness predominates. It was months before you made your *début* into school life. Remembering the royal entertainment accorded you by the Seniors, you *tried* to reciprocate, but, poor Juniors, it was only an attempt. Speaking of slowness, reminds me of a rather amusing incident, of which, undoubtedly, many of you have heard. It appears that a certain member of your class, was once confined to the hospital. After thirty-two days of neglect, you decided to send flowers—but, low and behold, before you took action, he was back to school—no need for flowers.

Again and again your predominant trait cropped out. Think of the Mid-Year dance! To make it a success, the Seniors once more lent you a helping hand, by decorating the "gym." Helpless Juniors!

How your eyes opened with admiration, and how you applauded, when we sang our Class Song! Did the idea ever occur to *you* to have one? Apparently not! Still, you slumbered on. Poor things! It is bad enough to be lifeless, but worse, to lack initiative. Finally, the song came, or was it a yawn after the awakening? Realizing the impoliteness of yawning in public, you tried to cover it, by adding a toast, to yourselves, in the form of a yell.

Now, Juniors, do not get the mistaken idea that we are ridiculing you. Experience is the best teacher and we hope you will profit by her many valuable lessons. We have been your ever-watchful guardians, but the time has come when we must take upon ourselves heavier responsibilities, and leave you dependent upon yourselves. You may strive to improve, but it *cannot* be expected that you will ever reach your high aspiration of being:

"One among many, but
Second to none."

ALBERT J. DESJARDINS.



Class Oration

Every young man and woman thinks of graduation as one of the greatest events of life; an event looked forward to with anticipation; an event which marks the culmination of an epoch of hard work, uncertainty, sorrows mingled with successes and irrepressible joy. Each year commencement comes, leaves many at the threshold of Life—and then departs. Today we are students; tomorrow the student days of most of us are gone forever. At this time the high lights of our lives appear; we are well-nigh overwhelmed by our success and what we have accomplished; within ourselves we feel strong to step out into the world and do great things; we feel happy because we have pleased our parents and friends who have looked forward to our graduation with much the same feeling we have had. For years we have worked and planned for the eventful day and now it has come.

“The graduates are going forth—
God bless them every one!
To run this hard and stubborn world
Just as it should be run;
But much I fear they'll find that facts
Don't always track with dreams;
And running this old world is not
As easy as it seems.”

This attitude is the natural one for us to take, yet there is great danger of being carried away by our enthusiasm. When graduation day is over we must look at the matter from a logical standpoint; we must be filled with the determination to succeed and the sincere desire to be serviceable to our fellowmen; and we must come to the realization that our work, instead of finished, is just beginning.

“The graduate is prone to think
His wisdom is complete;
He's but to ask—the world will lay
Its trophies at his feet.
But school days done and work begun,
He learns to his regret,
The college of experience
He has not mastered yet.”

Many of us, on entering the Normal had definite plans in view. We were planning to become instructors of those in the early years of their education. How many of us, I wonder, realize the responsibility of this undertaking? Also, how many of us are inclined to overestimate our attainments and the powers we have already acquired? It is wise to be honest critics of ourselves and to ask: “What can I do to become more efficient?” Later we may perhaps encounter delay, difficulty in finding the right environment; we may meet with discouragements, perhaps lack of appreciation. At such times the high hopes and over-con-

fidence which were ours at graduation will seem to have vanished. But we must be optimistic and have the strength to overcome our difficulties.

For the young graduate—

“The world has garlands and applause
At graduating time;
But may forget him the next day
When he begins to climb.
Life is a battle where each one
Must seek and hold his own:
He who would rise above the clouds
Must scale the heights alone.”

As teachers, we must be resolute and win our way. This can be done: first, by improving our qualifications; second, by showing our willingness to do hard work; third, through our readiness to serve. The teacher who follows these principles will have many rewards. Her first reward will be the gratitude of pupils whom she has under her care, and of their parents. Through this contact with people and this gratitude are formed some of the richest friendships of after life. The consciousness of having a share in building, not only schools but perhaps communities and states, and of serving even one's country is a reward which would be a comfort all through life; for the teacher who can be a force in the upbuilding of character in the scores, it may be hundreds, of the young who come under her influence and instruction contributes most directly to the welfare of mankind.

It is well then that at graduation time we enter into the joys of the day, indulge ourselves in high hopes and ambitions, let all our skies seem fair, and the sunlight shine upon our path, for it is only those who are responsive to the day whose natures can be rich and forceful.

“This is the rule of life today,
As it has ever been;
The world bestows its smiles on those
Who have the strength to win.
Beneath all outward semblances
It looks for merit true;
It little cares how much you know,
But asks—what can you do?”

DORIS JENKINS.

Ivy Oration

Classmates: This is a day to which we have looked forward to with sadness. Joy at the realization that we have completed our work but the sadness of partings and farewells.

As Alma Mater has guided us through our joys and troubles, she now sends us forth another class rooted in her spirits and ideals, to share in the greatest work of civilization in our beloved state.

Today we meet for the last time as a class. Our final act will be to plant this bit of ivy, which is symbolic of the class of 1921. As it grows from year to year may it become stronger and continue growing, always striving upward and onward.

This ivy which we plant is an emblem of our undying love and loyalty to our school. Here we place the symbol of victory, and truthfulness which have been inspired within us by our friends, classmates and teachers.

ELIZABETH TRUDEAU.

President's Address

Class day, the day which we have all looked forward to with fondest hopes is here and with it as with all days of rejoicing comes the parting of the ways.

It means that after two years of effort and study, we are to go out into the battles of everyday life, not as students with someone watching over us ever ready to lend a guiding hand, but as men and women of the world, to face whatever tasks lie before us.

But on the other hand, we have or at least should have benefited enough by our training here in the Normal School to enable us to meet these duties with zeal and determination and perform them in such a manner as will reflect credit not only upon ourselves but upon this institution to which we owe so much.

Little do we realize as we are assembled here that we are leaving behind us some of the greatest pleasures we have ever had or will ever have and the truest friendships any of us can ever care to cherish.

Dr. Hawkins and member of the Faculty—it is hardly necessary to say that we appreciate in no small degree the many great things you have done for us and whatever course we may choose to follow in the future, you can be assured that we shall always try to vivify the splendid principles and teachings you have set before us and shall be the type of American citizens, men and women, you desire us to be.

Seniors—I wish to thank you again as I have before for the singular privilege you have given me to act as your spokesman during our two years here and I can assure you that I have considered it a pleasure from the very beginning.

Farewell, Seniors and the best in the world for each of you.

T. W. McQUILLAN.

Salutatory

Parents and friends, fellow-students, and members of the faculty, the Class of 1921 greets you:

Our feelings on this occasion almost defy expression, and yet it is my privilege to attempt to put into words some of the thoughts which are demanding utterance.

We are grateful to you, fathers and mothers, for the numerous sacrifices you must have made for us, but about which you said nothing. There were many times when you must have gone without necessities that we might have what we wanted or thought we wanted.

We also have much for which to thank our friends. You have stood by and encouraged us, rejoiced with us when we were successful, and sympathized with us when it seemed impossible that anything would ever again be right.

You, fellow-students, have made our school-life more joyful that it could otherwise have been. When discouragement clouded our skies, you showed us the silver lining and helped us forward toward our goal.

Members of the faculty, I fear we do not yet appreciate as we ought, all you have done to make our course smooth for us. After a year's experience as teachers, we shall more fully realize the efforts you have put forth in our behalf. To make a small portion of the world a better place to live in will be our task, and we hope to meet with some measure of success because we know your sympathy and support go with us.

Parents and friends, fellow-students, and members of the faculty, in behalf of the Class of 1921, I extend a hearty welcome to you, one and all.

DOROTHY PARKER.

Valedictory

As we stand on the threshold of life, after two years of unremitting study and friendly associations, and gaze with joyous expectation on the broad avenues of the future, our past school days come up before us as a glorious memory.

This eventful day is crowded with deep emotions of exaltation and triumph, which are in turn tempered by the sad thought that the links of cherished associations must now be broken, never, perhaps, to be joined again.

Today we step forth into the busy world, girded for battle. We must assume our share of the task of moulding the characters of the citizens of tomorrow. The future of America rests with its future citizens, the children whose characters and destinies are now in the making.

The present era of reconstruction and readjustment offers unparalleled opportunities for duty and service in our chosen profession. Civilization, as always after a great world conflict, is again at the cross-roads, beset with the spirit of unrest or in the throes of anarchy. At this critical moment mankind sounds the appeal for help and guidance with a trumpet voice. In this task the teachers of America have an important part. In measuring up to our responsibility, in performing the part allotted to us, and in living life in its fullest measure, we must make the goal of today merely the stepping-stone to the effort and achievement of tomorrow.

Service is a truly noble ideal, and may our work here be merely the stepping-stone to greater accomplishments in our life's work.

Dominated by the desire to reflect honor on our Alma Mater, and conscious of our debt of gratitude to the faculty of this institution, we face the future with confidence and with the determination to succeed. As we travel along the pathway of life, through the sunshine and the shadows, may the ideals, inspirations, and blessings of our youth be our guiding stars.

The hour of parting has come. Members of the faculty, fellow-students, friends, in behalf of the Senior Class I bid you all farewell.

J. EDWARD STRATTON.





Clionian History

Two years of Clio! Gloriously happy years they have been, for not the least part of our Normal School life has been that which is given to the lighter vein. And yet the ideals of our Clionian Sorority are not merely those of pleasure and entertainment. Since the sorority was first established in 1879 the highest ideals of friendship have been carried on by all its members, accompanied by earnest desires for social betterment.

When the class of '21 entered the Normal, our first somewhat lonesome days were brightened by the friendliness of the Clios of the Class of '20. The parties and entertainments they gave for us helped to drive away the feeling that we were among strangers. And when the excitement of rush days was over the sorority composed of the Seniors and Juniors settled down for some real work.

Perhaps the most tangible product of the year's endeavor was the redecoration of the Clionian room, due not only to the untiring efforts of the Senior Clios, but also to the generosity of our Alumni members. The redecoration was completed just before the end of the school year. During Commencement Week we were able to give our last tea and literary farewell-meeting in a room cool and summery with its snowy curtains and delft blue over-draperies. New cushions and new rugs carried out the dull blue color scheme.

Another event, successful socially as well as financially, was the card party given by the Alumni for the benefit of the Sorority. Cake sales and selling of candy at different times throughout the year also helped to replenish the treasury.

The Clionian Convocation was held this year at the New Paltz Normal School and the Delta Chapter was most efficiently represented by Miss Cisco and Miss Ruth Abrahamson.

In the scholarship records of the class of '20 the Clionians were well represented, capturing both the valedictory and the salutatory. They also were well represented in the list of honor students.

In the first days of last September the Normal halls again rang with gay greetings as the class of '21 returned for its senior year and the new class of '22 assembled. In the Clio room on that first day was held the first meeting of the

year—a happy reunion with just a touch of sadness at the thought of the Seniors of '20 who perhaps would never meet there with us again.

There was little time for retrospect, however, for excitingly busy rush days were ahead of us. There were beach parties, movie parties and house parties; roasts up the river, and the Clonian Dance, for which Anna Lockwood conceived a unique and lovely scheme of decoration. The Japanese Fête of the year before was repeated and a clever new party, the Goldenrod Party, was added.

Finally the days of probation for the Juniors came to an end, and on a still, frosty autumn night came the last of the happy parties, and with it the witching hour. Dear Juniors, how glad we were to have you with us!

So swiftly did the days slip by that almost before we knew it the Christmas holiday was at hand and with it the Christmas party. Of course we had a Christmas tree and gifts. No less great was the pleasure in entertaining the faculty members of the Alumni.

The Alumni again favored us with a card party and we thank Miss Hawkins for her untiring efforts in making it a success. Other money came into the treasury by the way of cake and candy sales.

During the spring the unsightly heating system was removed and a new system of radiation was installed by Dr. Hawkins. This great help made it possible for the sorority to put in a long-needed new hardwood floor.

One of the social events of the sorority year was the dance given to the Agonians during their Convocation. At our own Convocation at Buffalo we were again represented by Miss Abrahamson, and also by Miss Frances Byrnes, the Junior delegate.

But now comes the day when we Senior Clions must pass on and leave the happy times behind us to become just memories—though ever so must the world turn on.

“Welcome then offshore wind! Each sail home sheeted,
The chartered course true held, to sea, to sea!
Whatever comes that shall be bravely greeted,
And nothing feared in all that is to be!”

A. M. C.





Agonian History

"True friends are the whole world to one another; and he that is a friend to himself is also a friend to mankind. Even in my studies the greatest delight I take is in imparting them to others; for there is no relish to me in the possession of anything without a partner." This quotation expresses better than I can what our friendships in Agonia mean.

This year will long be remembered by members of Alpha Kappa Phi for we have been up and doing.

We began to form new friendships the day school opened and the fall rush season began. Many and memorable were the events of that rush! The first social affair of the year was the Agonian dance which was held in the gymnasium the first Friday of the term. Everyone came and it was our first real opportunity to become acquainted.

We took advantage of the beauties of Nature and had several roasts of different kinds on the shores of Lake Champlain. A kid party, a dinner, literary meetings and movie parties were other preliminaries of pledge night.

One Wednesday morning in October twenty-four girls appeared in school wearing bows of blue, white and gold. These we now welcome as sister Agonians! On Washington's Birthday ten others joined us.

Companionship in the society has culminated in many deep and lasting friendships. These are possible, as Carlyle says "through mutual devotedness to the good and true" and will endure even when "Time shall part our ways."

To refurnish our room we raised money in various ways. The Alumnae did more than lend their moral support when they held a card party for us. We held sales of baked dishes, aprons, cake, candy and fancy articles and sold many boxes of chocolate bars.

Occasional literary meetings have been held. Probably the most interesting was the one held Washington's Birthday when we rode in a large truck out into the country to the home of one of our members. One number on the program was a country school. Small wonder that such good essays are written about district schools if they are all as funny as that one was.

In April we and our Clionian cousins had a dance which was greatly enjoyed by all who attended.

In May delegates from all chapters of the whole Agonian Fraternity met

with the Delta Chapter at Plattsburgh. What benefits we derived from Convocation! How good it seemed to meet our Agonian sisters and friends from other parts of the state! We all enjoyed the social meetings and the excursions to nearby places of interest and beauty. But more than this, we were glad to learn what the other chapters had been doing and what we should all do in the future.

Since Convocation we have striven more earnestly than ever to attain to the highest possible type of true womanhood. And now at Commencement time we stand looking back into the past and forward into the future. We recall with pleasure the happy times in Alpha Kappa Phi and we resolve to carry its spirit of friendship with us into the future.

D. M. P.



Alumni Notes

Miss Margaret A. Barber, Class of 1917, graduates from Vassar College with the Class of 1921. Miss Barber has secured a position for next year in the Science Department of Drew Seminary, Carmel, N. Y.

Miss Flora A. Purvis, Class of 1918, has returned to her home in Brooklyn following an extended tour in Scotland.

Miss Eleanor W. Arthur, Class of 1916, of Keeseville, has accepted a position for next year in Lancaster, Pa.

Miss Lula M. Allen, Class of 1912, has been teaching in the Postdam Normal School during the past year.

Miss Laura Ellenwood, Class of 1918, will graduate from Columbia University with the Class of 1921. Miss Ellenwood won the Clionian Scholarship in 1920.

Miss Florence M. Lombard, Class of 1914, has resigned as head of the Commercial Department of the Jamestown High School. She will be succeeded by Miss Frances L. Abrahamson, Class of 1918.

Miss Agnes Foley, Class of 1918, of Clayton, will leave for Cleveland, Ohio, July 1st, where she will teach in a Business College.

Miss Winifred Regan, Class of 1917, is teaching in a college in Birmingham, Ala.

Misses Marjorie Flint and Margaret Tracy, graduates of 1919, have accepted positions at Bay Shore, N. Y., for next year.

The body of Harold Riggs, Class of 1913, who died in France, was recently brought to Tourin, N. Y., for burial. The bearers at his funeral were ex-service men who were with him in France.

Miss Jennie M. Churco, of the Class of 1912, is now teaching in a school for sub-normal children which is a part of the school system of Newark, N. J. She has made a special study of work of this nature. During 1918-1919 she volunteered for government service, and after four months' experience as Reconstruction Aide in Occupational Therapy at Fort Porter, she was promoted to the position of Head Aide.

BIRTHS

McQuillan—To Mr. and Mrs. Walter McQuillan (née Irene Byrnes) of Yonkers, a son, Walter Brynes McQuillan.

Merrihew—To Mr. and Mrs. Fay Merrihew (née Violet M. Garrent) a son, Noel Harding Merrihew, on November 2, 1920. They are now living in Hackettstown, N. J., but will spend the summer in Plattsburgh.

DEATHS

Miss Florence C. Carey, graduate of 1914, of Chateaugay, died in May, 1920.

Miss Leana H. Bourdeau, graduate of 1914, died October 24, 1920, in Chicago, Ill.

MARRIAGES

Preston-Amsden. Miss Margaret S. Amsden, graduate of 1919, was married to Francis James Preston, June, 1920. They are living in Babylon, N. Y.

Conway-Sharrer. Miss Margaret M. Sharrer, graduate of 1917, was married to James Conway, October 31, 1920. Mr. and Mrs. Conway are living in Plattsburgh.

Studholm-Thompson. Miss Catherine C. Thompson, Class of 1920, was married to Donald Studholm, June 29, 1920. They are living in Plattsburgh.

Bickerstaff-Darrah. Miss Hazel W. Darrah, graduate of 1916, formerly of Morrisonville, N. Y., was married to Mr. F. L. Bickerstaff. Mr. and Mrs. Bickerstaff have made their home in San Antonio, Texas.

Bragg-Fuller. Miss Ruth Fuller, graduate of 1917, was married to Edward H. Bragg. Mr. and Mrs. Bragg live in Plattsburgh.

Whalen-Ryan. Miss Gertrude F. Ryan, graduate of 1919, was married to James J. Whalen. Mr. and Mrs. Whalen are living in Ballston Spa.

Oliver-Fifield. Miss Ruth L. Fifield, graduate of 1920, was married to Floyd F. Oliver. They are now living in Plattsburgh.

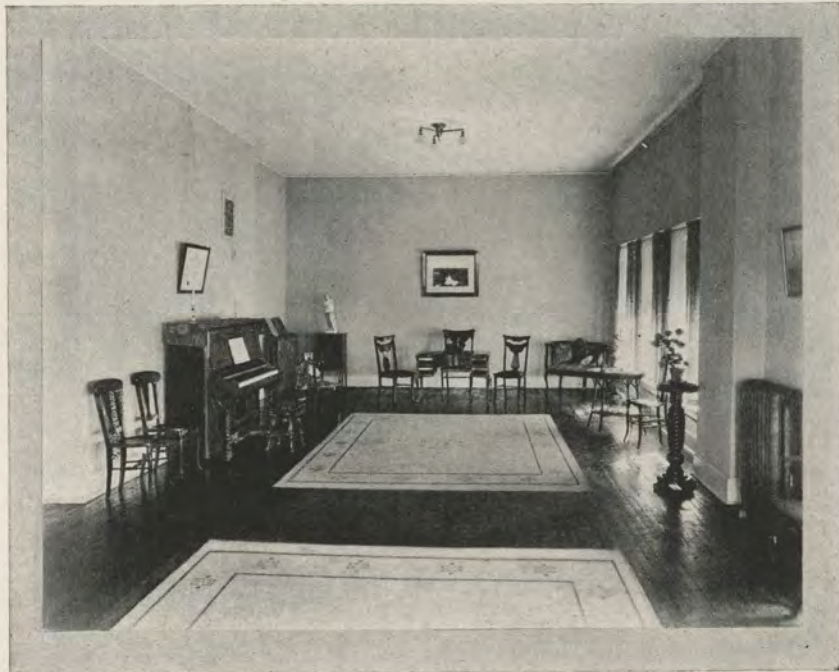
Collin-Hines. Miss Mila M. Hines, Class of 1918, was married to Henry A. Collin, June, 1920. They have made their home in Proctor, Vt.

Stapleton-Duffy. Miss Marjorie Duffy, Class of 1917, was married to Jeremiah F. Stapleton. Mr. and Mrs. Stapleton are living in Roslyn, N. Y.

Bird-Shay. Miss Julia B. Shay, graduate of 1917, was married to George H. Bird, February, 1920. Mr. and Mrs. Bird have made their home in Dallas, Texas.

Medland-Wray. Miss Grace Wray, formerly of Altona, N. Y., was married to Otis V. Medland, March 30, 1921. Mr. and Mrs. Medland have made their home in Covington, Pa.

JULIA H. HURLEY.



Merely Advice

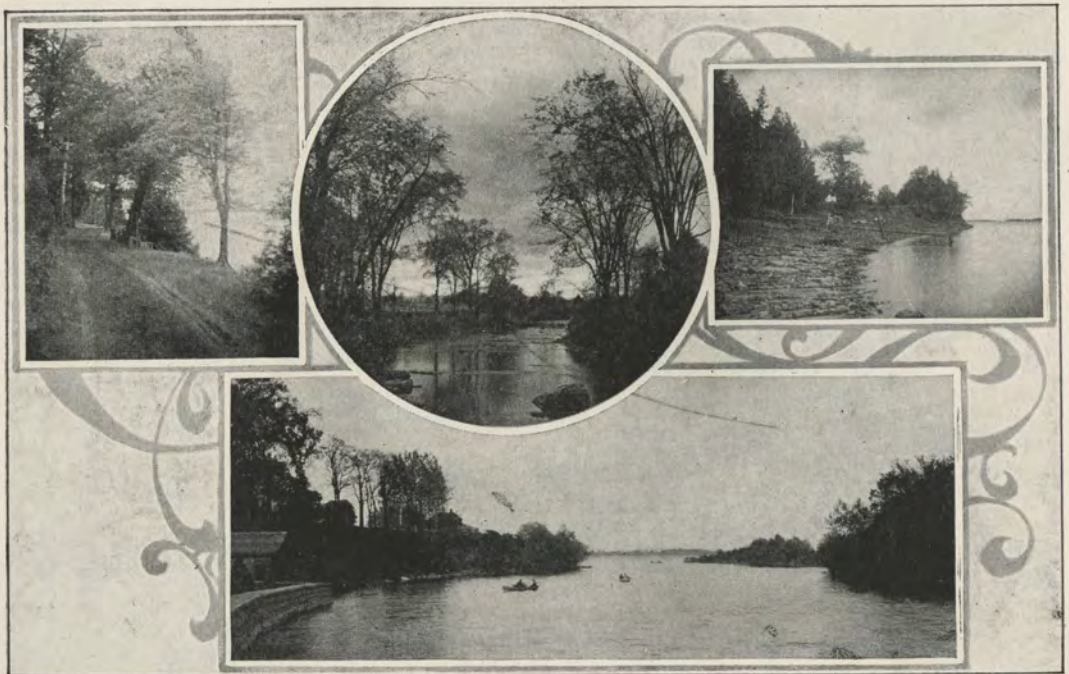
We've lived, we've learned and now we know
That Normal Students must go slow ;
For if you don't, we know you'll be
In deep hot water and you'll see
That teachers are not always blind,
Nor in their dotage ; you will find
That they expect you to be sharks,
And not go out on nightly larks,
And come to school all unprepared
To live the day completely scared.

Of course they know we must have fun,
When all our lessons first are done ;
And so we hold a little dance
Down in the Gym ; like fools we prance
Upon the cracks. Our feet get sore
But still we clap and holler, "More."
The teachers sit around and grin,
But those who don't think it's a sin
To let prospective teachers hold
A girl so tight—and then they scold
And tell about when they were young,
Till all their virtues have been sung.
And with these emanations o'er,
A few will waltz across the floor
To show us how it should be done.
(They dance as two, instead of one).
Of course the toddle they revile,
Although they know it is the style,
As for the shimmy—it's a curse
Sent on the world—there's nothing worse.
Then when eleven bells come round
They feel that they are sort of bound
To close things up ; they'd be to blame
If any student came to shame
Through being out so late at night.
They know we've had supreme delight
In dancing there before their eyes
And think that we should show surprise
That they should give us all this fun
When nothing we have ever done
Deserved it for us. Then we say,
"How wonderful has been this day,"
And shake their hands and thank them all
And beat it down to Reddie's Hall,
Where, gliding o'er that wondrous floor
Our feet get over being sore ;
And we forget that half the night,
We were in misery and fright.
But since at last all things must end,

Our steps we slowly homeward bend
And there upon the steps we sit
While minutes into hours flit.
You wouldn't think we were alive
Till all the clocks strike half past five.
And then at last we have to part,
And homeward sadly then we start.
But if we think that we've been cute,
That of our deeds the world is mute,
Then we have still another think
And with astonishment we blink
When all the teachers say with scorn,
"You look like you'd stayed out still morn."

Now from these words we hope you'll get
Some good advice, and don't regret
If you have never had the chance
To do these things at every dance.
You ought to know, the Profs are right,
And your young lives you should not blight;
Just emulate their deeds you know,
And straight to Heaven you will go.

A. J. L.



The Hall of Fame

If here below you find your name,
Don't hide your face in sudden shame,
But just consider that your fame
Has found you out.

THE CLASS SHARK,
Edward Stratton.
THE CLASS GRIND,
Leonard Douglas.
THE CLASS BOSS,
Pat McQuillan.
THE CLASS BEAUTY,
Helen Emperor.
THE CLASS GIGGLER,
Dot Tjeerdsma.
THE CLASS CRANK,
Anna Lockwood.
THE CLASS ATHLETE,
Bob LeFaivre.
THE CLASS GOSSIPER,
Hazel Caplan.
THE CLASS BLUFFER,
Art Lyons.
THE CLASS SAINT,
Johanna Menzel.
THE CLASS FLIRT,
Hester Coleman.
THE CLASS SKINNY,
Ruth Kniskern.
THE CLASS FATTY,
Dorothy Martin.
THE CLASS DANCER,
Jane Collins.
THE CLASS TOM-BOY,
Jane Prime.
THE CLASS MAMMA'S BOY,
Edwin Robart.
THE FIRST MARRIED,
Sadie Buck.
THE MOST INDEPENDENT,
Frank Tabor.
THE BEST HEARTED,
Leona Doig.
THE SPEEDIEST,
Raly Grossman.

THE WITTIEST,
Genevieve Ryan.
THE TEACHER'S PET,
Mary Warner.
THE FACULTY'S ADVISOR,
Florence Fielding.
THE FASHION PLATE,
Ruth Clark.
THE OLD MAID,
Helen Cowles.
THE MOST CONCEITED,
Edwin Robart.
THE CLASS JOKE,
THE JUNIORS.
THE SPOONIEST,
Al DesJardins.
HAPPY-GO-LUCKY,
Ruth Abrahamson.
THE MOST SEDATE,
Julia Hurley.
THE BIGGEST TEASE,
Helene Smith.
THE SPORTIEST,
Hazel Scott.
THE CLASS EPICUREAN,
Mildred Foley.
THE CLASS WORRIERS,
Ada Carey,
Hazel Ayres.
THE CLASS CLOWN,
Buz McCoy.
THE CLASS COOK,
Revel Gardinier.
THE CLASS KID,
Ted Kelly.
THE TRUEST,
Betty Trudeau.
THE CLASS ELOCUTIONIST,
Doris Jenkins.
THE COURSE CRABBER,
Anna Lockwood.

The Rime of a Weary Student

(WITH APOLOGIES TO COLERIDGE)

It was an ancient pedagogue
And he stoppeth one of three ;
"By thy long, grey beard and glittering eye
Now wherefore stoppest thou me?"

He motioned and forsooth I went
Along the dark hall too ;
I listened while he turned the key,
And felt somehow darned blue.

"I want a word with you," he said,
About your essay, sir,
You promised it some weeks ago
It's due, that I aver."

"Yes sir, quite true," I meekly said,
And watched with anxious eye
The long, grey beard, and tried to think
Of some good, "truthful" lie.

"I have it done," I tried to say
And stole another look,
"I mean, I'll try to do it soon."
My knees, they fairly shook.

It was an ancient pedagogue,
And he trembled in his wrath ;
"You have it in tomorrow, sir,
Or death will cross your path."

Tomorrow came, and all the day
I sneaked from room to room ;
Expecting surely he would come
And bring with him my doom.

He did not come, and once again
I struggled through the night ;
And when the rosy morning broke
It brought a welcome sight.

With essay done, I rushed to school
And sought the dragon's lair ;
And when I handed it to him
Forsooth, I walked on air.

"I've won, I've won, my proud heart sang,
I put one over him."
But oh, the vanity of words—
I'm writing it again.

A. J. L.

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Dere Jakie:

You wiz wise not ter come to Normal. This is a worser plase than I ever hit before or afterward.

As you know we hez ter go ter schule before daylite and then when we try ter git warm side of the radiator the wind blows in around the winders so hard thet it pretty near blows the books offin the desks.

But thet ain't the worstest yet. Brite and early in sails Dr. Henshaw is scoutin' around ter se if anybody's essay hez got loose. If it hez he catches it and when he brings it back the owner hez a hard time ter recognize it. It's all dolled up so.

Then, "economically speakin'," Mr. Sinclair is so 'fraid he aint agoin ter make himself clear thet he talks so long ther afore he gits thru we hez all forgot what he started with, "in the main."

Another thing is when we's all in the study hall Mr. Shallies gits up and yells—"Whar's yer excusr kard?" Then 2 or 3 or 6 or 5 all gits up and starts at a sixty mile a minute gate fer his desk and there usually is sum confuzion. Then when thet gits settled he sings out, "Jest calm down 'en rest a little."

Thin jest as yer think maybe yer can rest sum, they marches yer inter what they calls "assembly" ter the tune of "John Brown's Body" er somethin' similer. Then Miss Garrity gits up and direcks the musik especially the Amen and yer sit there an' wonder if the faculty enjoys sittin' up front and yer speculaten' on the chances fur doin' yer shorthand or somethin' while Miss Garrity is besy with them Amens.

Thin when we marches out there's Miss Alice O'Brien singin' out Left-Rite-Left-Rite 'til yer dont no whar yer goin' ner why. An then you'll hear a voice from the library, "Thet should have bin in at a quarter of 8." Well that's Miss Anne O'Brien readin' the rules and regulations ter sumbody.

Another important thing there is Dr. Kitchell. His specialty is gettin' the garbage on his floor kerlected free of charj by yellin' at all his classes "Dont leave any garbage on the froor!" (He only hez the girls do this 'cause he thinks it's good future trainin' fur 'em, 'cause he thinks the "Lords of Creation" will have no need of such trainin'!)

Then don't be scared if you ever comes here 'en one of the faculty greets you as a personal friend. It's only Mr. Thompson and he's done got so many pursonal friends, thet he mite take yer fur one easy as not.

The longest thing here is Mr. Correll. If yer hears anyone proclaimin', "Sure ez death" ter the Commercialites yer'll no its Mr. Correll. "Of course, it don't make eny particular difference," it's just a pet frase.

Then sometime er other yer'll be sittin' in the study hall nice as yer please and thin yer meditations is liable ter be interrupted by sum General Senior rushin' wildly in after her overshoes. Then whin yer ask her sort of easy and cautious like if the buildin' iz on fire er enything like thet she'll tell yer she's goin' ter Cogan's fur Miss Steel 'cause she's out of shortenin' she needs.

But thet ain't all. Sumtime er other when you iz goin' along yer'll hear sumbody singin' out "position affects form, distance affects size." It's Miss Andrews the drawin' teacher, she's atryin' ter teach them Generals ter draw so yer can tell what they intended it fur if by eny chance they forgits tre label it.

An thin if yer hez time yer mite go down stairs 'en call on Mr. Taylor. He's the manual trainin' teacher and he kin make enythin' frum a needle book ter a telegraft pole.

Thin there's Miss Carroll. She's the Geography teacher and kin tell yer why the climate in this part of the country ain't all it's advertised ter be. Fact is, she kin tel yer more Geography thin yer ever new existed.

Now, there's Mr. Hudson 'en he teaches nature study but I ain't diskivered jest whar all the Normalites desended frum yet. There must be more'n one link missin' in Darwin's Theory. He no's all 'bout bugs and birds and the moon and stars. He's very peaceful citizen an' don't worry the life out of yer like sum of 'em here.

Now, Jakie, just be patient 'cause I'm all done but the finishing. Terday was movin' day up ter Normal. We moves semiannually, what iver thet is, 'en sum moves quarterly, 'en sum is movin' all the time. Well, Jakie, the last match they put in the furnace must hev been green 'cause it's gone out 'en I'm goin' ter bed ter keep warm. Maybe if prices goes down they kin git a lump of coal fur the furnace next week 'en I'll rite again.

Confectionately yours,

JENNIE.



Daddy

Listen well and you shall hear
A tale more thrilling than Paul Revere.
'Twas the winter of 1920 to '21
And not a Normalite under the sun
Would care to endure it all again.

Dr. Henshaw said, "If you don't know
That essays are due, I'll tell you so.
And, if you get by, by hook or by crook
It won't be because I don't look
For you, in every place that might be
A safe and welcome refuge from me.
And mark ye well the date
For hereby and dire will be your fate
If by chance they should be late."

And then, marching with squeaky tread
Proceeded the line with feet like lead,
Just as the music pealed thru the hall
Sounding for assembly the dreaded call
For we knew for certain that some classmate
Would read an essay, as sure as fate.
And we only wished we dared be late
And with a fear that was magnified
As each entered the door, he profoundly sighed.

Meanwhile "Daddy" thru corridor and hall
Hunted the Seniors who evaded his call.
But immediately when assembly was out
There stood "Daddy" gazing about.
When into his vision came the line
He hailed the offenders, one at a time
And he hailed 'til he got nine.

So thru the term the Seniors go
Shadowed by "Daddy" high and low
A siege of trouble and torture too.
(This is not exaggerated but every bit true.)
That voice from the shadows, that sight in the door
Will stay with us forevermore.
Coming to us out of the past
Thru all our lives up to the last
In whatever paths our feet are set
Our essay days we'll ne'er forget.

Horoscope of the Class of 1921

"THE STARS INCLINE BUT DO NOT COMPEL"

	REPUTATION BASED ON	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	HOBBY	FAVORITE NOOK	HIGHEST AMBITION
Ruth Abrahamson,	Willingness.	That's not the half of it, dearie.	Cuts for the CARDINAL.	A box seat.	To live in the White House.
Hazel Ayres,	Dignity.	Dear me!	Bookkeeping.	Cloak room at lunch time.	To chaperon wedding parties.
Katherine Baxter,	Chocolate cake.	My own Doug.	Being late.	In parlor on Sun- day night.	Castle on the Hudson.
Sadie Buck,	Conscientiousness.	My land!	Logic.	On the rostrum.	To go home to see George.
Hazel Caplan,	Gift of gab.	Gee, I don't know.	Fixing her hair.	Albany.	A man taller than Maurice.
Ada Carey,	Fretting.	What'll I ever do?	Economics.	Shorthand room.	A few more 100's.
Genevieve Carey,	Silence.	Oh, dear!	Drawing.	In a Ford car.	To be an artist.
Frances Casey,	Hair dressing.	Dear, dear!	Nature Study.	Sixth Grade.	Not to be nervous.
Veda Cassidy,	Marcel wave.	Oh, gosh!	Falling down.	Watering trough.	To sing like Melindy.
Ruth Clark,	Attractiveness.	Give me a bite.	Positions.	Canton.	To be mistress of a house.
Hester Coleman,	Vamping.	Cutting or not cutting?	Posing.	In a settee.	A cozy home just for two.
Jane Collins,	Dancing.	Bet your life!	Skating.	A dance hall.	To be an interesting teacher.
Adelaide Conkel,	Brains.	Good night!	Doing two things at once.	Chazy.	To establish a Com'l school.
Helen Cowles,	Solo dancing.	Oh, we-ll.	Moxie.	Morrill Club.	To get letters from ?.
Leah Crossman,	Teaching Pitman.	What?	Losing her books.	In a Packard.	To go to formal dances.
Grace Cuddeback,	Clothes.	See!	Vamp one man.	In a Hudson.	To get a position near Plattsburgh.
Gertrude Darrah,	Puffs.	I'm so scared!	Worrying.	Clinton Theatre.	To grow tall.
Albert DesJardins,	Cheerfulness.	Now!	Visiting with the girls.	A cozy corner.	To get another fellow's girl.
Leona Doig,	Blushing.	Oh, my cats!	Midnight lunches.	Court House.	To see the "Big City."
Leonard Douglas,	Running for office.	You ask him.	Entertaining the faculty.	275 Margaret St.	Kate for his very own.
Marilda Duby,	Screaming.	For goodness sakes!	Bluffing a man.	Dodge roadster.	To learn to ask with speed.
Valeda Duby,	Neuralgia.	Is that so?	Dancing.	Movies in Danne- mora.	To become a vampire.

	REPUTATION BASED ON	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	HOBBY	FAVORITE NOOK	HIGHEST AMBITION
Helen Emperor, Florence Fielding,	Dancing. Originality.	Dear me! Ye gods and little fishes!	Stringing them. Poetry.	Front porch. "Drag-em-in."	To always have a date. To meet the right man before De- cember 1.
Mildred Foley, Revel Gardinier, Raly Grossman,	Accounting. Cooking. Speed.	That's a fact. You did! You look so nice, Hazel	Red Bunny. Jazz band. Sewing.	Candy Land. Musical Comedy. "Do-Drop-In."	To have a short teaching career. To teach Domestic Science. To marry a rich man.
Kathaleen Hanley, Julia Hurley,	Making outlines. "500."	What time is it? M-e-r-c-y me!	Fishing. Keeping late hours.	Lunch room. "The Owl."	To get credit in Economics. To attend formal parties with a tall man.
Doris Jenkins,	Voice.	(6 P. M.) Is that 'phone call for me?	Physical Training.	Assembly (?)	To succeed.
Kathryn Johnson,	Having photographs taken.	Let's see!	Planning for vacation.	Skating rink.	To wear a diamond.
Agnes Keenan,	Essay.	What do you think of that?	Driving a Ford.	Keeseville.	To have Liberty.
Theresa Kelly Hortense Kinsman, Ruth Kniskern,	Frankness. Writing essays. Knowledge.	Oh, that's sloppish! Ye gods! I'll tell the faculty a few things.	Fooling. Arguing. Tutoring.	In a limousine. Movies. Hist. of Com. room.	To be Mrs. Somebody. To start a Brush Factory. To meet the right Superintendent.
Margaret Lallier, Florence LeFaivre, Dorothy Lewis, Anna Lockwood, Bernice Luther,	Hist. of Ed. Jolliness. Laughing. Essays. Having her own way.	My cats! We-ll. Honest. I'll do that. And more baby car- riages tipped over!	Talking. Teasing. Sewing on buttons. Joke books. Staying out of school.	In a Franklin car. Merrihew's. Study Hall. Her room. Gym Class.	To evade the Income Tax. To be Cantwell. To please everyone. To be an expert speller. To be a Movie Star.
Arthur Lyons,	Bluffing.	You will have your little joke.	Jazzing.	Y. M. C. A.	To attend Faculty Meetings.
Bernadette Mc- Casland, Bertha McCoy,	Expressing opinions. Buzzing.	I think you're hate- ful. Well, no!	Selling candy. Side remarks in Dr. H's class.	Seventh Grade. Law Class.	To be pleasingly plump. To give house parties.
Susie McMahon,	Teaching experience.	Do tell!	Making pancakes.	Dining room.	To get a man.

	REPUTATION BASED ON	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	HOBBY	FAVORITE NOOK	HIGHEST AMBITION
Walsh McQuillan,	Executive ability.	Pardon me!	Chewing gum.	Corner Clinton and Margaret Sts.	To have an able assistant to do all his work.
Dorothy Martin,	Good nature.	I know it.	Wither (bee).	Up the river.	To succeed Mr. Shallies.
Marguerite Martin,	Working.	If the faculty ever finds it out.	Talking to Ouija.	Literature Class.	To meet Dr. Andrews.
Johanna Menzel,	Quietness.	What'll I wear?	Letters.	Courting machine.	To go with a man in uniform.
Ethel Merrihew,	Determination.	Wait for me, Bob.	Sucking her thumb.	Yonkers.	To be Blackburn(ed).
Margaret Merritt,	Hustling.	My d-e-a-r!	Collecting money.	Lake Shore Road.	To study N-(ash).
Laura Nathan,	Worrying.	My stars!	Looking for work.	Any place studying.	To be a P. S. N. S. critic.
James O'Connell,	Whispering(?).	Goin' to have a test?	Looking up stuff.	Everleth's.	To be a good guesser.
Esther Papineau,	Being happy.	Oh, ginks!	Moonlight drives.	Critic meeting.	To get a man with a car.
Dorothy Parker,	Studying.	Dear me!	Teaching Sunday School.	Valcour Island.	To be on the Honor Roll (??).
Mary Powers,	Humor.	For Heaven sakes!	Telling stories.	Cadyville.	To edit "Life."
Jane Prime,	Independence.	It's awful!	Horseback riding.	Cemetery.	To dodge Dr. Henshaw.
Edwin Robart,	Camel walk.	Great grief!	Agreeing with Hester.	Clinton Theatre.	To be an orator.
Alice Rovelle,	Sweetness.	She's a dear.	Taking pictures.	A dance in Chateau-gay.	To be a prima donna.
Genevieve Ryan,	Wit.	How do you get that way?	Thinking up a new one.	Movies.	To steal rides in Fords.
Kathryn Ryan,	Assurance.	I would if I felt like it.	Autoing.	In a National.	To ride in a dog-sleigh in Alaska.
Cassie Sausville,	Always being busy.	Eh?	Hist. of Ed.	Fifth Grade.	To get an \$1,800 position.
Hazel Scott,	Smiling.	No! No!	Talking.	Couch hammock.	To make a hit with Bennie.
Helena Smith,	Rushing.	H-o-n-e-s-t!	Hall dates.	Ante-room.	To have her essay accepted.
Edward Stratton,	Brains.	I'll take that up with the Doctor.	Grinding.	P. S. N. S.	To be valedictorian.
Annie Sullivan,	Keeping quiet.	My goodness!	Church going.	N. Catherine St.	She would never tell.
Frank Tabor,	Putting it over.	That's the berries!	Cardinal.	Davenport.	Not to miss a dance.
Dorothy Tjeerdsma,	Perpetual smile.	Daren't tell.	Proposing.	Up the river.	To take a special course in Physical Torture.
Elizabeth Trudo,	Loud talking.	It's a fact!	Going home.	Monument.	To be a housewife.
Emma Vaughn,	Perseverance.	What'd he say?	Arithmetic.	Second Grade.	To graduate.
Mary Warner,	Talking.	Listen!	Mimeographing.	Hist. of Comm.	To have an audience.



Junior Class

Ashline, Hazel Catherine
Beede, Julia Elizabeth
Bradley, Lena Mae
Braw, Rae L.
Brennan, Michael
Burgevin, Katherine H.
Byrnes, Frances Leona
Carlin, Lily L.
Chase, Alice D.
Clodjo, Mabel Elizabeth
Coates, Ida L.
Conway, Flora Genevieve
Coolidge, Helen M.
Croll, Helen F.
Crowley, Stella Frances
Dawson, Anna
Defoe, Lillian F.
Delaney, Helen Loretta
Deuel, Dulcie B.
Donahue, Beatrice M.
Ederer, Catherine V.
Elliott, Bertha C.
Ellis, Harold F.
Emery, Beulah M.
Everest, Isabel T.
Fitzpatrick, Frances
Frazier, Gertrude Mae
Frazier, Raymond
French, Clara Mrs.

Rouses Point, New York
Keene Valley, New York
Felts Mills, New York
Newburg, New York
Dannemora, New York
Port Chester, New York
Plattsburgh, New York
Jamestown, New York
Richford, Vermont
Essex, New York
East Guilford, New York
Plattsburgh, New York
Ellenburg Center, New York
Dolgeville, New York
Altona, New York
Mineville, New York
Peru, New York
Plattsburgh, New York
Amsterdam, New York
Indian Lake, New York
East Nassau, New York
Richford, Vermont
Ellisburg, New York
Norwood, New York
Peru, New York
Plattsburgh, New York
Plattsburgh, New York
Plattsburgh, New York
Keene Valley, New York

Garrent, Hazel A.	Plattsburgh, New York
Graves, Kathleen L.	Plattsburgh, New York
Halpin, Helen M.	Mellenville, New York
Herwerth, Gladys M.	Plattsburgh, New York
Jenkins, Elizabeth	Glens Falls, New York
Keenan, Theresa H.	Peru, New York
Lynch, Eugena Mary	Plattsburgh, New York
LaBombard, Francis A.	Plattsburgh, New York
Landry, Marion L.	East Poultney, Vermont
Lawrence, Lucille M.	Walworth, New York
Lewis, Helen M.	Plattsburgh, New York
Lucy, Catherine M.	Plattsburgh, New York
Martin, Katherine	Lake Placid, New York
Mulvey, Marguerite Leona	Ticonderoga, New York
Murtagh, Anna Elizabeth	Plattsburgh, New York
McAuliffe, Mary E.	Clintonville, New York
McNeeley, Goldie L.	Tupper Lake, New York
Meade, Helen M.	Fort Covington, New York
Meiner, Helen G.	Sidney, New York
Mitchell, M. Bernadette	Plattsburgh, New York
Mooney, Virginia L.	Peekskill, New York
Murphey, Catherine	Ausable Forks, New York
Newell, Isola Mary	Plattsburgh, New York
Newman, Anna L.	Palmyra, New York
Newsome, Florence E.	Newburg, New York
Nulty, Alice M.	Greenwich, New York
Odell, Arminda M.	Patchogue, Long Island
Owens, Mae E.	Ray Brook, New York
Pattino, Marguerite E.	Ausable Forks, New York
Pender, Agatha P.	Piercefield, New York
Pierce, Cora M.	Albany, New York
Prouty, Z. Elizabeth	Ticonderoga, New York
Reaffel, Winnifred Rose	Essex, New York
Reed, Thelma H.	Hinesburgh, Vermont
Ringquist, Ruth E.	Jamestown, New York
Rome, Hortense Marie	Plattsburgh, New York
Rooney, Marion T.	Plattsburgh, New York
Ruby, Genevieve L.	Rome, New York
Ryan, John D.	Plattsburgh, New York
Sartwell, Mary	Crown Point, New York
Seymour, Esther M.	Plattsburgh, New York
Sherrard, Marion	Depew, New York

Slater, Frances E.
Smalley, Hildegard Abbie
Smith, Catherine M.
Souls, Erma F.
Trombly, Gertrude A.
Tubbs, Eleanor
Tukey, Kathryn M.
Ward, Christine Mary
Weaver, Vivian N.
Webb, Eleanor
Wert, Mary
Westcott, Mabel G.
Williams, Helen Martha
Wood, Lila M.
Wright, Hilda M.
Wright, Homer W.
Wright, Marion Lura

St. Huberts, New York
Stowe, Vermont
Keeseville, New York
Great Bend, New York
Altona, New York
Chatham, New York
Plattsburgh, New York
Hampton, New York
Morrisonville, New York
Salem, New York
Ogdensburg, New York
Plattsburgh, New York
Cadyville, New York
Lake Placid, New York
Plattsburgh, New York
Ausable Forks, New York
Port Henry, New York

Robart: "All my people were educated in the highest branches."
Scottie: "I believe it."

AN EXTRACT FROM ONE OF MR. ROBART'S GAS ATTACKS
ENTITLED, "MR. ROBART SPEAKS"

Did you ever notice my thick lips? They denote sternness. Did you ever notice my beautiful skin? That shows what Pompeian Massage Cream will do for any girl. Did you ever notice my eyebrows? They are the result of being pulled out. All the girls who look well pull their eyebrows. Did you ever notice my nails? I use nail polish. Did you ever notice my high forehead? That denotes intelligence. Did you ever notice how well I enunciate my words when I am called on in Shorthand? That comes from my popularity in being called on to speak in public.

(A POEM WITH A MORAL ENTITLED, "SO *THIS* IS ROBY")

I'm the best looking person that I've ever seen,
I like to look at me;
I like to sit and watch myself where every one may see.
What care I if fellows slam me and say that I'm a fake?
When I know that I'm the greatest cheese,
Of course I'll take the cake.

I have to pal around alone, no girls will go with me,
They say that I'm a silly brag and shallow as can be.
But I put in my idle hours at movies, church and Reds;

I don't speak to many folks, just look above their heads.
I don't care what they think when I never speak to them;
I live in a world all by myself, I'm not like other men.

I brag a lot about my folks and about the place I'm from,
I don't like fellows here at school—they're homely, stupid, dumb.
I know that I'm the brightest boy in all our Senior Class,
The rest are only jealous because they cannot throw the gas.
Each night I run around to see a member of the Faculty;
There I slam my classmates, I slur every one I can;
My object is the honor roll: "For *I'm* an Honor Man."

I'm the most wonderful person that I've ever known,
And you surely must agree;
There's no one else in all this world,
Who can quite compare with me.

Moral: The Moral of the poem is, don't brag about your looks,
Your home, your dress, your knowledge, your servants or your cooks.
If you are wealthy, handsome, wise—let other people tell
All those things about yourself, on which you love to dwell.

If you do not like the jokes
And their dryness makes you groan
Just stroll around occasionally
With some good ones of your own.

Reply to the Seniors

The portals of the Plattsburgh State Normal School certainly echoed with a resounding knock on September 8, 1920. Dr. Hawkins, forgetting his usual dignity, rushed to open the door, and behold, there stood "Opportunity" in the form of the present magnificent and noble JUNIOR CLASS.

You bold and brazen Seniors were over-awed by the calm, undemonstrative way in which we settled down and devoted our entire attention to the work in hand. You thought of course that we should follow you in your dark and mysterious methods. You were surprised that we did not look to you for aid at every turn and you sought to run our class by your own degraded principles of Tammany Hall politics. We needed no boss; our class was like an ideal republic, wherein the voice of the majority was heard and heeded.

You called us slow and laughed with scorn as we felt our way along during those first few months. We knew better than to follow in your footsteps and to rush in like fools where angels feared to tread. We did not trust you—do you

blame us? We wished to live our own lives, free from the disgrace and contamination which would certainly follow from association with you.

Of course we must mention teaching and you must pardon us if we laugh doing so, for Charlie Chaplin has nothing on you for furnishing a cheap form of amusement.

You sought to teach us—teach us, when every remark you made, every turn you took showed even to our inexperienced eyes that you knew absolutely nothing. Of course you were brazen even in your disgrace, for that's part of your make-up and helps you to get by; but we certainly learned nothing from you and have only deep pity for your pupils of next year. I doubt if any school ever turned out a more purely ornamental class of graduates, if you can really claim such a distinction.

We have said nothing of the good example we sought to set before you, for modesty is another of our virtues; and we hate to have the audience see how little good we accomplished. Perhaps down in your hearts you have profited by our earnestness, honesty and truth; but in such hopeless degenerates, a good example can never be appreciated.

We leave you now to go your divers ways, hoping that when as a unit you are no more, good will creep into your individual hearts and make you what we have endeavored to be—hard, ceaseless workers, toiling always under the fear of the Lord. May Success be your attendant spirit throughout life.

M. J. BRENNAN.

Mr. Thompson (in accounting class)—“What does the term watered stock mean?”

Mary Warner—“Why! It means cattle that are made to drink a lot of water before being sold, so that they'll weigh more.”

Mr. Sinclair—“Where's Miss Lockwood?”

Dot Lewis—“She's out with Dr. Henshaw.”

Dr. Kitchell (lecturing in School Economy)—“Now here comes something quite peculiar.” Just then Hazel Caplan walks in late for class.

Student—“Mr. Thompson, have you a piece of string?”

Mr. Thompson—“Yes, a shoe string.”

Mr. Correll—“Why don't you give her a piece of your line?”

Mr. Sinclair—“Why is your book open Mr. O'Connell?”

Jimmy—“Oh! I was just looking up some stuff.”

Douglas—“I saw a good picture of you the other day.”

Robart—“Where?”

Douglas—“On a salmon can.”

Mr. Thompson—"Compare cold."

Mike—"Cold, cough, coffin."

The "CARDINAL" is a great invention,
The school gets all the fame,
The printer gets the money,
And the staff gets all the blame.

Little drops of wisdom,
Printed on the desk,
Makes some little Junior,
Wiser than the rest.

Edwin Robart, common noun,
Parse him up and parse him down,
Neuter gender, hopeless case,
Object—just to take up space.

"Fan" LaBombard was playing a ditty,
One bright night in the fall,
Someone took him for a kitty,
And heaved a brick—that's all.

Stratton (looking at shorthand papers)—"Don't you wish you could change your marks?"

Abie—"No, I don't believe so."

Stratton—"Gee! You've got too good a conscience; as for mine, it is as good as new—I never use it."

PLAYING FIVE HUNDRED

Ruth A.—"Cheer up, a poor beginning means a good ending."

Julia H.—"Yes, you know Abraham Lincoln was a poor boy."

Mildred F.—"Yes, and he was assassinated."

Student—"How much board do I owe you?"

Landlady—"How long have you been in Normal?"

On the way home from Montreal. Bunch singing "Go Slow and Easy."

Florence Fielding (heard from the rear)—"Well, they sure go slow and easy with me all right."

STUDYING SHORTHAND

Foley—"Haven't you heard that coffee is a stimulator?"

Clarkie—"Why no, it's a percolator."

Bob LeFaivre—"I hear that you and Mary Warner had some words."

Veda Cassidy—"I had some, but I did not get a chance to use them."

SUNDAY EVENING

In the parlor there sat three:
Doug, the parlor lamp, and she;
Three's a crowd without a doubt
And so the parlor lamp went out.

Ruth Kniskern—"Hey, Lucille, don't set that tea so near the edge of the table."

Lucille—"Oh, that won't get knocked off."

Ruth—"No, but it is so weak that it might fall off."

Mike—"I have an idea."

Senior—"Treat it kindly, it is a stranger."

IN THE STUDY HALL

Junior—"May I put the curtain down? The sun is shining in my face."

Senior—"Leave it up, the sun is good for green things."

Dr. Henshaw—"Come back boys, the bell has not rung yet."

Art—"I heard some bell."

Dr. Henshaw—"I guess it was a dumb bell."

Pat—"Let's go into the library this period, Jazzie."

Jazzie—"We have been excluded from the library."

"Pat—"What for?"

Jazzie—"For doing nothing."

The back of a gown, as you know,
Could hardly be cut out too low;
And no matter how bony
They look, to be tony,
Let your slats and shoulder-blades show.

NOT FAST COLOR

I saw a young man at the dance last night,
With one cheek red, and the other white.
My partner explained the mystery:
"The shimmy he danced makes him blush," said he.

Mr. Thompson—"What is a man called who sues another man?"

Buzz McCoy—"A suer."

JUNIOR DICTIONARY

Broke—A contagious disease prevailing among the students.

Bluff—To fool a teacher by making him think you know more than you do.

Crib—Verb: To give or receive aid when in need.

Noun: A small piece of paper covered with information.

Cram—Usually applied to night study a few days before exams.

Etc.—Used by teachers when they wish to convey the idea that they know more than they do.

Flunk—A word which is often heard after a test.

Pinch—A word which is used when one's cribbing has worked successfully.

Miss Conkel (in law class)—“What does it mean by saying ‘Silence gives consent’?”

Mr. Thompson—“I do not know as I never was silent.”

Anna Lockwood, knocking at the Gate.

St. Peter—“Who is there?”

Anna—“It is I.”

St. Peter—“Oh, go to — you're an old maid school marm.”

Little words of wisdom

Many words of bluff

Make the teachers think

We know a lot of “stuff.”

Mr. Thompson—“What does artificial mean?”

Miss Hanley—“Something that is not natural.”

Mr. Thompson—“We have a number of examples here in class.”

Mike—“Contrary to the decision of the Junior class today, you need not send those flowers to Mr. Ellis, as he is getting better.”

Tommy—“What three words do you use most, Miss McCoy?”

Buzz—“I don't know.”

Tommy—“Correct.”

IN ECONOMICS CLASS

Miss Fielding—“It is evidently very necessary for me to elucidate before I expunge my previous impression.”

Mr. Sinclair—“Come down to earth and use words which the modern person can understand. It is pure ignorance to use big words which only the highly technical audience could understand.”

Miss Fielding (scornfully)—“Such levity on the part of prospective pedagogues is certainly malapropos.”

Rae Braw—"Is there really a man in the moon?"

Murphy—"Don't worry—there are plenty here on earth."

A COMMON OCCURRENCE

Robart to a group of Normal fellows:

"Did you know that my father has put aside thousands of dollars for my education?"

(No reply.)

"I intend to go right to Syracuse University and shall join the D—— Fraternity there. None of you fellows ever belonged to a frat, did you? I did. I belonged to the best Fraternity in the High School at Atlantic City."

(No reply.)

"I was very popular in the High School at home. I was considered the best basketball player and the best football player in Atlantic City High School."

(No reply.)

"It's a wonder you wouldn't have a Glee Club in the Normal School here. None of you fellows sing though, do you? I sing tenor. I sang in the Ascension Church choir at home. Funny the way you fellows dance here in Plattsburgh. Did you ever notice the way I dance? A good many people at Normal dances have told me how well I dance. Did you know that my—" (But the bell for classes to pass must ring some time. It rang just then.)

HOT AIR

It was a very cold day at P. S. N. S. *All the boys* were standing near a radiator in the Accounting room. Al DesJardins said: "A little Hot Air wouldn't go bad right now." Just then Robart came in.

Ed. Stratton: "Do you like to dance in this dark corner?"

Coy Junior: "No, let's stop dancing."

When a fellow is allowed to muss a girl's hair he considers it a net gain. She considers it a net loss.

By the time a fellow is a Senior he starts to mend his ways, but still continues to send his torn socks home.

Florence Fielding: "I had the most wonderful dream last evening."

Chorus: "What was it all about, Florence?"

Florence: "It was about Art Lyons, but I couldn't POSSIBLY tell you what it was."

Junior Class Poem

Time, that eternal factor,
Which marks the progress of all
Seemed to us, oh endless!
In those days, last fall,
When we as youthful Juniors
Treaded first this Normal Hall.
These days, oh Juniors!
Do you not recall?

Seldom did we think
As the days were flying fast,
That this day so soon would dawn
When the Senior class,
Would be gathered to their number
Greeting each at last,
With their words of farewell
Recalling memories of the past.

Ah, this day, is rich in meaning
For the Seniors, we have known,
For indeed they reap the glory
Of the labors they have sown.
And we Juniors, looking back,
Know with fervor that we've grown
To be true and loyal always,
To this school, we call our own.

Oh Juniors dear, we look again
To what the future holds.
We hope next year at this glad time
We will have reached our goal.
So with thoughts of our past year
Of memories choice, untold
Mid hope and fear of the year to dawn
The pages of our Junior year, we fold.

GENEVIEVE L. RUBY.

If you don't go to church you are not good.
If you go to church you are a hypocrite.
If you dress shabbily you are a failure.
If you dress well you are trying to bluff.
If you don't give to charity you are a tightwad.
If you do give to charity you do it for show.
If you don't drink you are no kind of a regular guy.
If you do drink you are not a desirable person to know.
If you wear a beard it is to hide a homely face.
If you are smooth shaven it is to try to look younger.
If you take a girl to a show you are a fish.
If you don't take her you are too cheap.
If you lose a lot of money you are idiotic.
If you make a lot of money you are a crook.
If you toddle you are frivolous.
If you don't toddle you are a back number.
If you are poor you are no good.
If you are rich you got it by robbing others.
If you die you dissipate.
If you live to a good old age you attained it through laziness.
If, when you die you go to H—l it is because you deserved it.
If, when you die you go to Heaven, you go there by mistake.
So what's the use?

—*Exchange.*

The unmentionables are the second, the twenty-second and the fourth letters of the alphabet.

The couple that most bitterly resents the presence of a chaperone is the one that has the most need of one.

STRANGE!

A Junior said that when she got through the receiving line at mid-year her breath came in short pants.

Miss Garrity: "At most of our dances we have punch but this year at the Hallowe'en dance we had cider."

Interested Listener: "Oh, that was tough."

Miss Garrity: "No, it was hard."

Mildred: "What is a psychological moment?"

Ruth: "Waking up just as the Prof. calls your name."

Junior Class Song

We came from far and came from near
The Senior class to tame
They were quite wild, but don't you fear
We've done it all the same.
We've talked to them with smiles and tears
It really did some good
As Juniors we've worked hard and long
We've done the best we could.

Oh, you Seniors
Still we grieve for you
We hope you'll be a credit
To the class of '22.

You called us slow, and oh, how sad
You really thought you knew
But some day you'll look back and see
What we have done for you.
Old Rose and Silver still will be
Our symbol to the last
When e'er these colors you behold
You'll think of days gone past.

Juniors, Juniors
Much praise is due to you
There never was another class
Like that of '22.

THE TWELVE PERSONIFIED MODELS OF P. S. N. S.

Charity	Miss Garrity
Joy	Dr. Kitchell
Peace	Mr. Hudson
Patience	Mr. Shallies
Benignity	Dr. Henshaw
Mildness	Miss Andrews
Constancy	Mr. Sinclair
Long Suffering	Mr. Correll
Chastity	Miss Carroll
Goodness	Mr. Todd
Persistency	Miss O'Brien
Mercy	Mr. Taylor

Lee **F.** Correll
Genevieve **A**ndrews
Ali**C**e O'Brien
George H**U**dson
Wil**L**iam Thompson
Edwin **T**aylor
Margaret Garrit**Y**

Geo**R**ge K. Hawkins
Samuel **T**odd
Guy W. Sha**L**lies
O. W. Kitchel**L**

Anne **C**arroll
Ann O'Brien
A**L**onzo Henshaw
B. G. Sinc**L**air

UP THE RIVER

He stood on the banks of the flowing brook,
His senses nearly reeling;
And now and then he would venture a look—
The village belles were peeling!

TO BENNY

Rave on, oh prof.! Your ravings
Stir me not. I sleep—
And sleeping dream sweet dreams
Of moonlight and the deep;
And moon-bathed waters o'er the side
Of my canoe. I creep
Along its limpid bosom—not alone—
But be assured they leap
(Your words) right o'er me. So
Rave on, oh prof., rave on!

Dr. Henshaw—"Since we are going to have a hearing test tomorrow it would be well for the girls to leave their ear muffs on their dressing-table."

Kate Burgevin—"Hah! mine don't come off."

Mr. Shallies (in study hall)—"If there is any young lady who wishes to have a roommate, see me about it at once."

(Laughter.)

Scottie (correcting outlines on the board in shorthand)—"What is wrong with Mr. Ellis' whereabouts?"

Scottie—"You'll get sick drinking that water."

Gen—"I guess not, this is well water."

IN HISTORY OF COMMERCE CLASS

Mr. Sinclair—"I give you my word, the next person who interrupts the class will be put out and ordered home."

"Buzz"—"Hooray!"

Mr. Sinclair looked puzzled.

Frank Tabor—"My dear young mademoiselle, to speak of you with veracity shorn of all its dogmatic accretions, you have so infringed upon my cupidic consciousness that I have implicit confidence it will not be valedictory."

Thus we see how we can change a simple thought into classic utterance with a mere fringe of literary amenities.

Julia Hurley—"Why is a Chinaman the greatest curiosity in the world?"

Mildred Foley—"Perhaps it is because he has a head and tail at the same end."

Conductor—"Your fare."

Isabel E—"You think so?"

He who intends to get up with the sun should not stay up all night with the daughter.

"THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW"

Why Betty Trudeau goes to Dannemora so often?

Why Margaret Merritt goes to the skating rink so often?

Why Al. DesJardins moved that the poles be closed in class meeting?

Why that perpetual smile of Margaret Lallier's?

Why Jack and Mike go to the "Movies" in the afternoon?

Why Dot Tjeerdsma handed in a blank paper in Economics final?

Why Pat answers so promptly in class this year?

Dr. Kitchell—"Can you tell me of anything of importance that did not exist one hundred years ago?"

Jack—"Yes, I didn't."

Dr. Henshaw—"What invention put an end to knighthood?"

Helen Emperor—"The automobile."

Dr. Henshaw (after the laughter had subsided)—"What in the world made you give that answer?"

Helen—"I knew that horses were not used as much."

Miss Andrews (to Dr. Henshaw, who had just looked in at the door of the room where her class was in session)—"Will you join us?"

Dr. Henshaw—"Who is the—happy man?"

When we overheard the sophisticated Dr. Kitchell direct the Juniors where to get the coloring matter they use for their "maps," we couldn't help wondering whether the Doctor was speaking literally, or in slang.

'Twas the night before Accounting test
And all through the houses
The generals were hidden—as best
They could, scared to death of the noises.
One with a Math book, one with a Psych
Wanted to study, if only they might.
When from the Commercialites arose such a clatter
The Generals ventured out to see what was the matter.
But soon to the winds flew all doubt
'Twas the Object of Accounting, it all was about.

ACCOUNTING

ASSIGNMENT FOR ANY FRIDAY THAT FALLS ON THE 13TH

WILDMAN-KLEIN PROBLEM

Sept. 8—Willie Wildman-Klein, Senior, begins his second year at the Plattsburgh State Normal School with one hall bed-room, two tickets to a special dance at Leonard's, and \$1.67 in cash. (Charge to Capital Account.)

Sept. 29—Willie is told that if he does not pay up his laundry bill, his washing will not be returned. (Charge to Boiler Account.)

Oct. 6—A Jane calls up and Willie makes a date for the following night. (Do not enter, but make a memorandum.) Loses \$1.18 at poker. (Charge to Petty Cash.)

Oct. 7—Keeps date with Jane taking her to show, Leonard's, and Monopole. (Debit Pleasure, which comes in, and credit Cash, which goes out.)

Oct. 16—Receives note from the Office informing him that he will be fired if he does not improve. (Charge to Notes Receivable.)

Oct. 20—Receives check from home. (Debit Cash, and give the pater credit for sending the check.)

Oct. 22—Entertains a few friends in his rooms and is fired by his landlady the next day. (Debit Fire Loss.)

Oct. 23—Imbibes too much hard cidar, and comes home pickled. (Charge to Vegetable Account.)

Oct. 26—Receives a box of eats from Mrs. Wildman-Klein, his mother. (Credit Wildman-Klein consignment No. 1.)

Oct. 28—Sees some good-looking girls going to church and begins to take an interest in religion. (Charge to Interest.)

Oct. 30—Goes horse-back riding, and has swellings on his back and side.

Oct. 31—Close the books, and take a Trial Balance to see if both his sides are equal.

(Turn in solution to Mr. Thompson, at the Accounting office, and receive credit for not much of anything.)

K. Baxter—"Nick, you looked awfully foolish when you proposed to me."
Her Nick—"I was foolish."

Robart—"Didja see them 'janes' smile at me?"

Doug—"Huh, that's nothin' I nearly laughed my head off when I first saw you."

Art—"May I come up tonight, Helen?"

Helen—"Sure, but remember—she turns the lights out at ten."

Art—"Yep, I'll be there at ten sharp."

Our friend Miss Fielding—"Please sir, pursue that man—he wanted to kiss me."

Passing pedestrian—"That's all right. There will be another along in a minute."

Robart—"They say I look educated when I wear glasses."

Hester—"Then I guess you sort o' better wear 'em."

Robart escorting Miss Croll from dinner at "WILSON'S"—"Now don't tell anyone that we went out to dinner."

Miss Croll—"Don't worry—I am as much ashamed of it as you are."

Miss Fielding—"Well, what did you think of my last poem?"

Lit. Editor—"I am quite pleased to hear you call it your last."

Mister Robart—"Say, rather than remain single would you marry the biggest fool on earth?"

One of the Many—"Oh Roby—This is so sudden."

Doug—"I never knew until last night what a bright fellow Mr. Robart is."

Miss Lallier—"How did you find it out then?"

Doug—"Oh, he told me."

"Al D."—"What happened to that little girl I saw you making love to in the hammock?"

"Taber"—"Oh, we fell out."

We Love 'Em Just the Same Even If:

Taber does sing louder than anyone else.

Hazel Caplan giggles forever and ever.

Kathleen Hanley talks loudly except when reciting.

Alice Rovellet tries to change the rhythm of the march going out of assembly.

Gertrude Frazer spends half of her time bluffing the mirror and the other half bluffing the faculty.

Jane Prime just adores her morning snooze.

The boys do forget what day of the week it is.

Goldie McNeely is "extravagant."

Junior Class History

Looking back to the opening of school on September 8, 1920, when our remarkable class of 1922 assembled, we review our experiences during the Junior year. While the Seniors, swelled with the feeling of their importance, greeted each other and the faculty on that day, we read in their glances as they looked us over, "The poor timid strangers, they are to be pitied."

A few days passed and we became accustomed to the atmosphere. Also, if we had been a bit deceived by the self-assured way of the Seniors, the realization came to us as we associated with them, that their attitude was entirely assumed and that they weren't, after all, so vastly superior to us.

On Friday, September 17, 1920, the first class meeting was held and the class officers chosen, Michael Brennan being selected as president. The class colors were chosen, old rose and silver being selected. The Junior class enjoys the distinction of being the largest (as well as the best) in the history of this institution, its membership being composed of ninety students, many from far distant parts of the state.

The real history of the Junior class has been in the making since the opening day when we modestly took our places in this institution. It has been contributed to by our diligent and conscientious efforts day after day to do our work in an honorable and scholarly manner. We have won for ourselves the respect and approbation of the faculty; what we have achieved we have well earned, nothing was given to us by the Seniors, for even though their feeble attempts at times to help us were well meant, we must say, not intending any unkindness to them, they were frequently as much a hindrance as a help!

The work of the Fall term was so interesting, and so entirely devoted to it were we that Thanksgiving came and passed in a flash. In every one of us was embodied that peculiar feeling of contentment that comes with happy associations, enlightening studies and the influence of a group of eminent and highly respected instructors.

As Christmas neared our thoughts reverted to our homes and parents, and we departed our several ways to enjoy the well-earned vacation. We returned with renewed vigor and determination to keep up our high standards.

On January 21st, the annual Mid-year ball was held and judging from the large attendance and the late hour to which the dance was extended, it was a most decided success.

Before the Easter vacation, the selection of the class ring was undertaken; and the ring chosen was only another result of the highly refined taste and intelligence of this notable class.

Then came the composition and singing of the class song, written by Miss Hildegard Smalley, and ably sung by the class under her direction.

Throughout the entire year we have tried to maintain a spirit of cooperation with the Seniors; and, however much we may have smarted at times under their taunts, we have peaceably gone our way, bearing no malice and deriving our satisfaction from the well-earned results of our painstaking study.

Now that we are nearing the end of our Junior year, we cannot do otherwise than look back on these happy weeks with pleasant memories. For the Seniors who leave this June, we have nothing but best wishes for their success. Though it is a most lamentable fact that they are not all that they could have been or what we would have them, nevertheless, we trust that they have profited somewhat by the honest manner in which the Juniors have gained their success.

We look forward with eagerness to the opening of school next September, when, as Seniors, we will have the privilege of extending a greeting to the Juniors who enter upon their three years' course; and we take great pride and satisfaction in knowing that we have the true spirit that should dominate the activities of fellowstudents. May our Senior year be only a continuation of the good work of our Junior year.

HOMER WRIGHT.

If you want to know, Ask:

Genevieve Carey where she got her rats.

Lee F. where he got those glasses.

Grace Cuddeback what nights Poly Mouso does not come to see her.

Jimmy O'Connell why he keeps his book open in History of Commerce.

Helene Smith why she goes to sleep in Office Practice.

"Art" Lyons why he doesn't hand in his shorthand test paper until the end of the period.

"Doug" what sort of curlers he uses.

Jane Collins why she doesn't like dancing.

Ruth Clarke where she spends "those week-ends."

Landry—"Isabel, how did you get a Senior fellow?"

Isabel—"Stay out of school a few weeks so that you will need to be tutored in the work you missed."

Miss Prime (to a fourth grade pupil)—"Give me a word which ends in 'ash.'"

Bobbie (answering promptly)—"Nash."

Miss Prime (confused)—"Well, use it in a sentence.

Bobbie—"Some of us know Mr. Nash."

"Art" imitates Mr. Sinclair for the amusement of the Hist. of Ed. class.
Dr. Henshaw—"I once had a classmate who had St. Vitus' Dance."

(Draw your own conclusions.)

Use of correct English:

Bald-headed man—"An omission of capillary substance on the summit of his cranium."

Long Ears—"An abnormal elongation of the auricular appendixes."

Mr. Sinclair (lecturing "Art" and "Pat" in Economics Class)—"It is no joke; you are the joke."

Art—"Come on to the show Al."

Al—"Gee, no—I got to write my essay. I go on tomorrow."

(While cutting a stencil.)

Mr. Thompson—"Hit it as hard as you would like to hit me."

"Smithy"—"Oh, Lord, give me strength."

"Helen Emperor, haven't you anything on your head?"

"Yes, Doc, I have a hair net on."

Mr. Correll (shaking Art)—"I think Satan has laid hold of you."

"Art"—"I think so, too."

Mr. Shallies (instructing students how to march into assembly)—"Keep at arm's length."

Gen Ryan—"That's my motto, regardless of sex."

Ruth—"What a wonderful complexion you have today, Hester."

Hester (indignantly)—"Well it's my own anyway."

Ruth—"So is mine; I got it at my father's store."

Mr. Correll—"What is the matter with Miss Collins?"

Senior—"Oh, she has 'Fitz'."

Al (teaching in Gregg)—"What is the matter with Mr. Ryan's breath?"

Mike—"It's too short."

Doug—"What is a check?"

Al—"A mark placed over your name when you don't pass."

Wanted—A student body addicted to the use of hats.

Wanted (by Dr. Henshaw)—A class willing to remember that it was the “Fall of Rome” and not the “Renaissance” that made the fifth century A. D. famous.

Wanted—One phrase to replace “economically speaking.” Address all contributions to Economics Class.

Wanted—A large garbage can—nearly new. Notify Dr. Kitchell’s classes when same may be had.

Wanted—One table with at least three legs the same length. Address correspondence to: Any Student—Any Rooming House.

Wanted—A march long enough so that Dr. Kitchell may reach the rostrum by the time the last note is played.

Lost—Good marks that we *might* have had.

Lost—A perfectly good vacation extension bill. Finder please leave at the office.

Lost—Speed. If found return to Shorthand Room.

INFORMATION WANTED

Where can we get an “honest to goodness” choir for Miss Garrity?
Is there any “understandable” Logic book on the market?
Why do Seniors have to take Economics?

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Season ticket to Clinton Theatre. Will sell cheap to right party.

Dr. Kitchell—“Your answer reminds me of Quebec.”

Mag. Merritt—“Why?”

Dr. Kitchell—“Because it is founded on such a bluff.”





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FRANCIS BYRNES	<i>Vice-President</i>
FLORENCE NEWSOME	<i>Secretary</i>
HAROLD ELLIS	<i>Treasurer</i>

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"Unknown"

"They say, Ruby & Byrnes."

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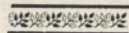
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